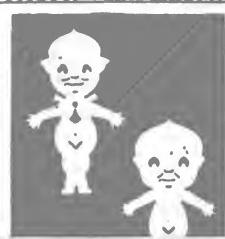
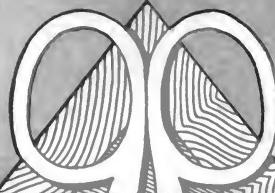


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WILLIAM LUDLUM

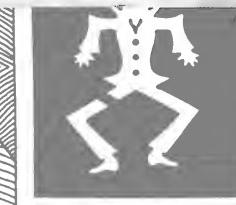


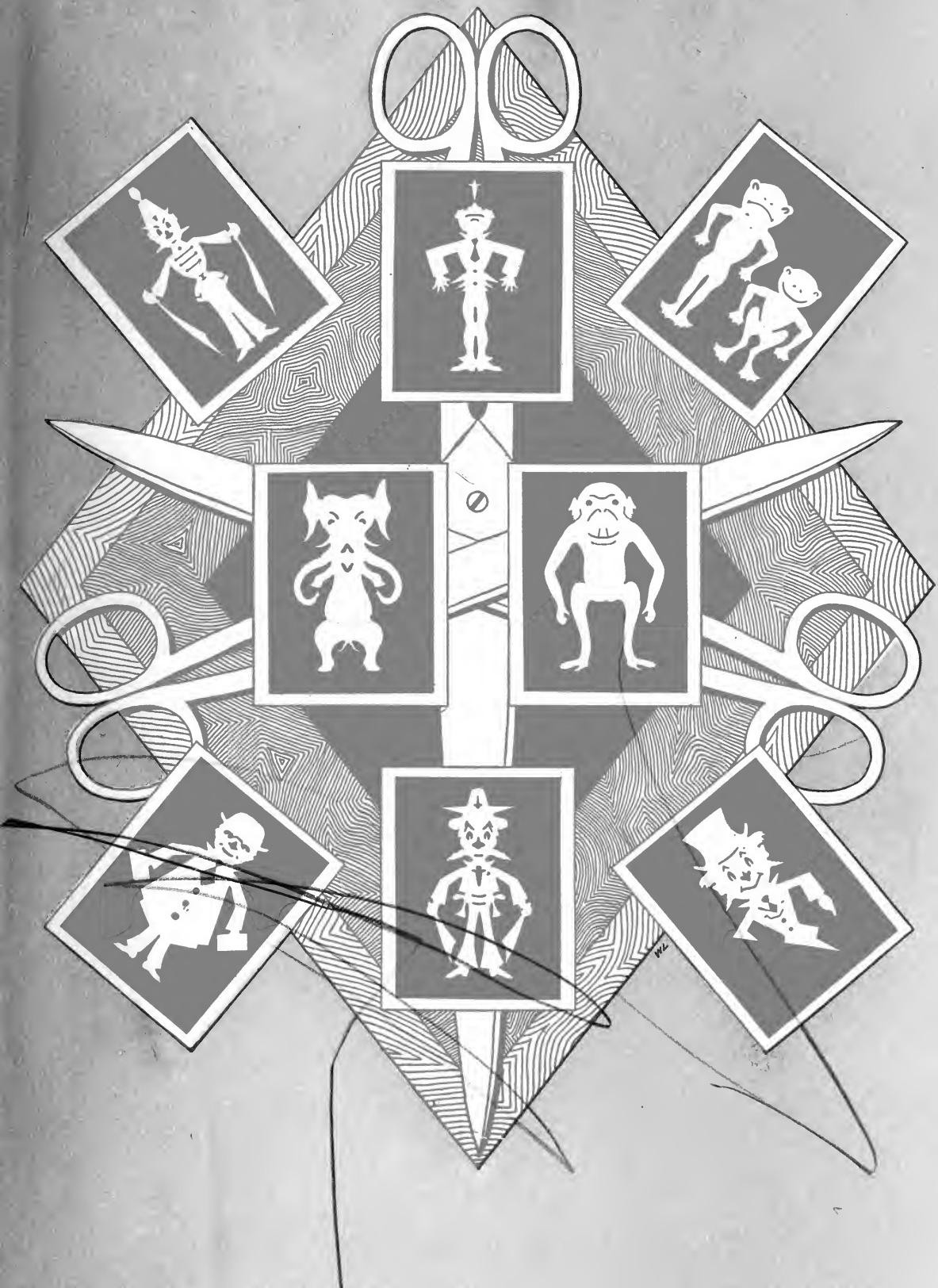
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# THE SCISSORS Book

By

William Ludlum

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK AND LONDON

The Knickerbocker Press

GV1218  
CPL8



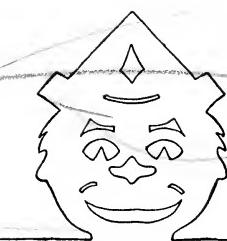
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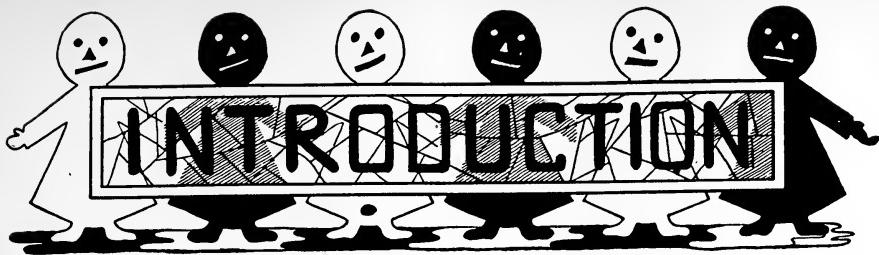
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◆ DEDICATION ◆

To my little girl Grace,  
Who, in turn, dedicates it to  
All other little girls and boys  
Who love to make cut-outs.





One winter evening, some years ago, my little girl, who was busy with a pair of scissors and a sheet of white paper, said, "Come, papa, help me cut out some paper dolls." As I am always ready and willing to amuse her, I was soon deep in the mysteries of the paper-doll business, cutting out the style of doll that one always sees. After a while I thought I would attempt to vary the pattern for novelties' sake and began to experiment. The result, as far as interesting my little girl, was a decided success, and right then and there the paper dolls became "funny men" and I had provided myself with an occupation for many evenings to come. In fact, not only was my little girl delighted, but many of her little friends and some of the grown-ups too. I bought a scrap book in which we pasted the cut-outs and it has become my little girl's most valued possession in the book line, because it is so different from anything else and, to a great extent, her own work.

It has long been in my mind that the "Scissors Folk," as we call them, might be of interest to many other little girls and boys, and their big brothers and sisters too. The idea has culminated in this book, which is sent forth with the hope and the wish, that it will provide amusement, during the long evenings, for many children, both young and old.

The only directions necessary, are, to take a sheet of plain white paper, fold it once lengthwise through the center and then,

**with a sharp pair of scissors, cut out the figure. Don't try so much to copy the designs in this book as to make new ones.**

**As a starter, for those who wish to make a "Scissors Book" of their own, in the back of this book will be found a few half-figures in outline intended to show how the illustrations for this book were made.**

**To make copies, place a sheet of tracing paper, or any thin white paper through which the printed lines can be seen, on the picture and then trace over the outline. After this is done, turn the paper over and rub it all over the back of the figure with a soft black pencil, then lay the tracing, face up, on the white paper intended for the finished cut-out and carefully go over the outline again with a sharp pencil or small pointed stick; in this way a perfect copy of the original will be made. When this is finished, fold the paper on the long dotted line and proceed to cut out, cutting through both thicknesses. Trim around the outline first, and then cut out all the black portions such as nose, mouth, eyes, etc. When all the black portions are removed unfold the paper and see how a half-man has become a whole one. Copy a few of these half-figures for practice and then start in to make a series of your own.**

**After the figures are cut out paste them in a scrap book. In this way you will soon have a book full of pictures to show your little friends, and of which you can truly say, "I made them all myself."**

**WILLIAM LUDLUM.**

**Mount Vernon, N. Y.**

## THE SCISSORS FOLK

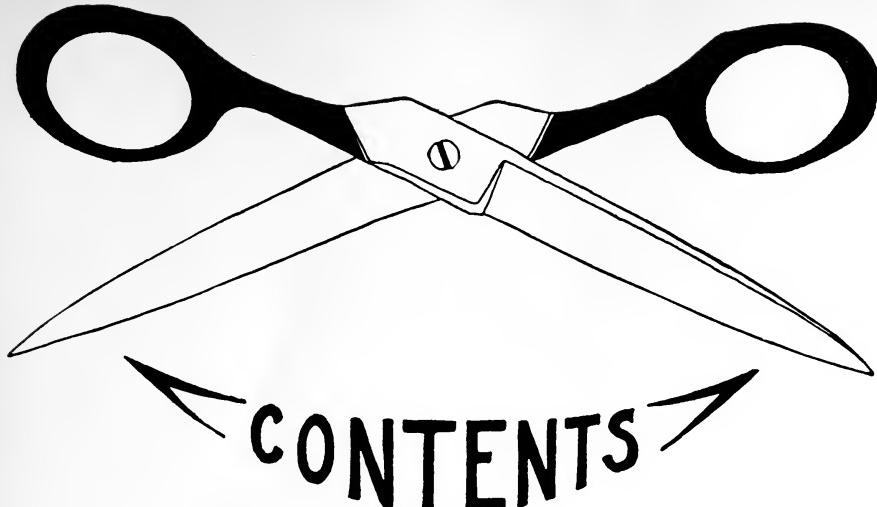
My papa takes a pair of shears  
And sheet of paper, white,  
And, as he snips, and snips, and snips,  
There soon appears to sight,  
A host of many funny things,  
With paws, and claws, and wings, and stings.

He folds the paper only once,  
To make a center line,  
And then he cuts, and cuts, and cuts,  
This darling papa mine,  
And, as he cuts, there grows apace  
Full many a strange and curious face.

His men have arms and legs askew,  
With bodies strange to see;  
His animals are very fierce,  
Tho' funny as can be.  
I just delight to watch him clip  
As, from his hands, the cut-outs slip.

Now you and I can do the same,  
If, patiently, we try;  
Just guide the scissors round-about,  
Then cut nose, mouth, and eye,  
And soon will grow, before our view,  
A strange parade of creatures new.





	PAGE
<b>The First Cut</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>The Lion</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>The Campfire Girl</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>The Boy Scout</b>	<b>9</b>
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<b>A School-Boy</b>	<b>13</b>
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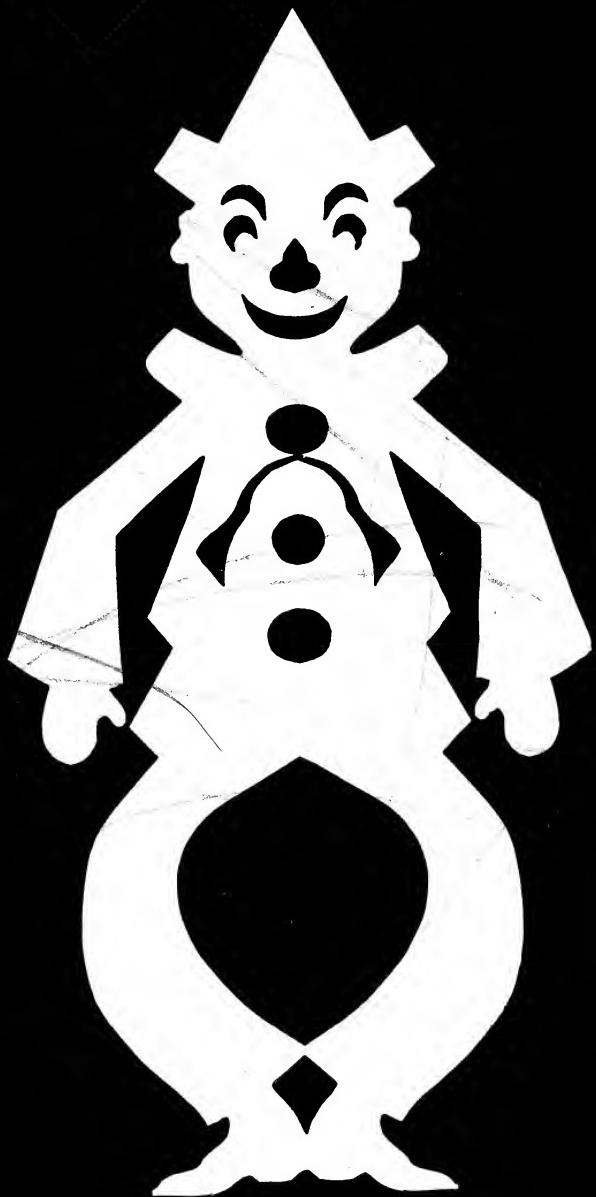
	PAGE
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## **THE FIRST CUT**

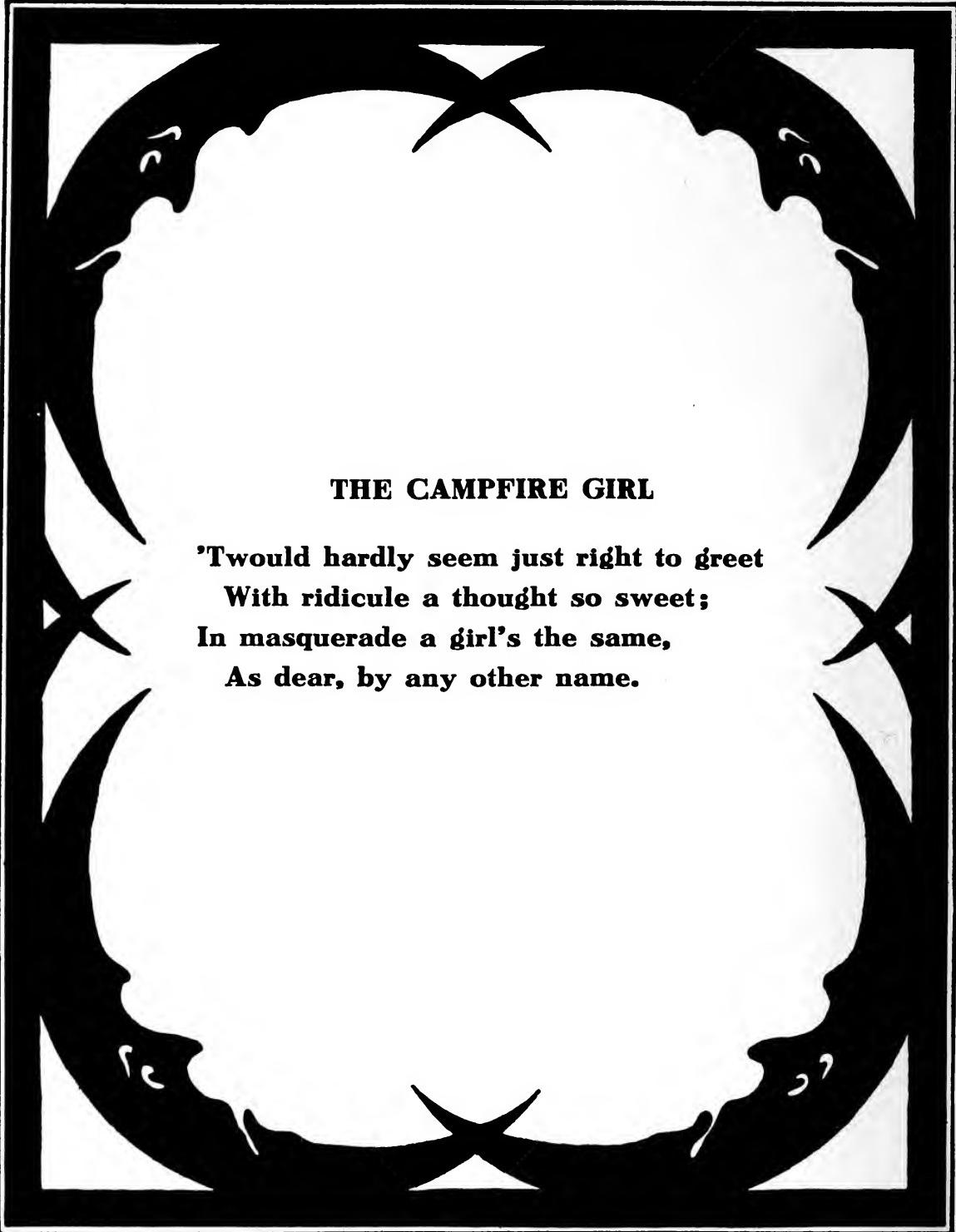
**Just take a sheet of paper, plain,  
Then fold and cut, and cut again,  
And, as you cut, before you know,  
You'll have a paper man, to show.**



## THE LION

The lion is a "kingly beast,"  
On "little kids" he loves to feast;  
So if you hear a lion roar  
Rush in the house and slam the door.

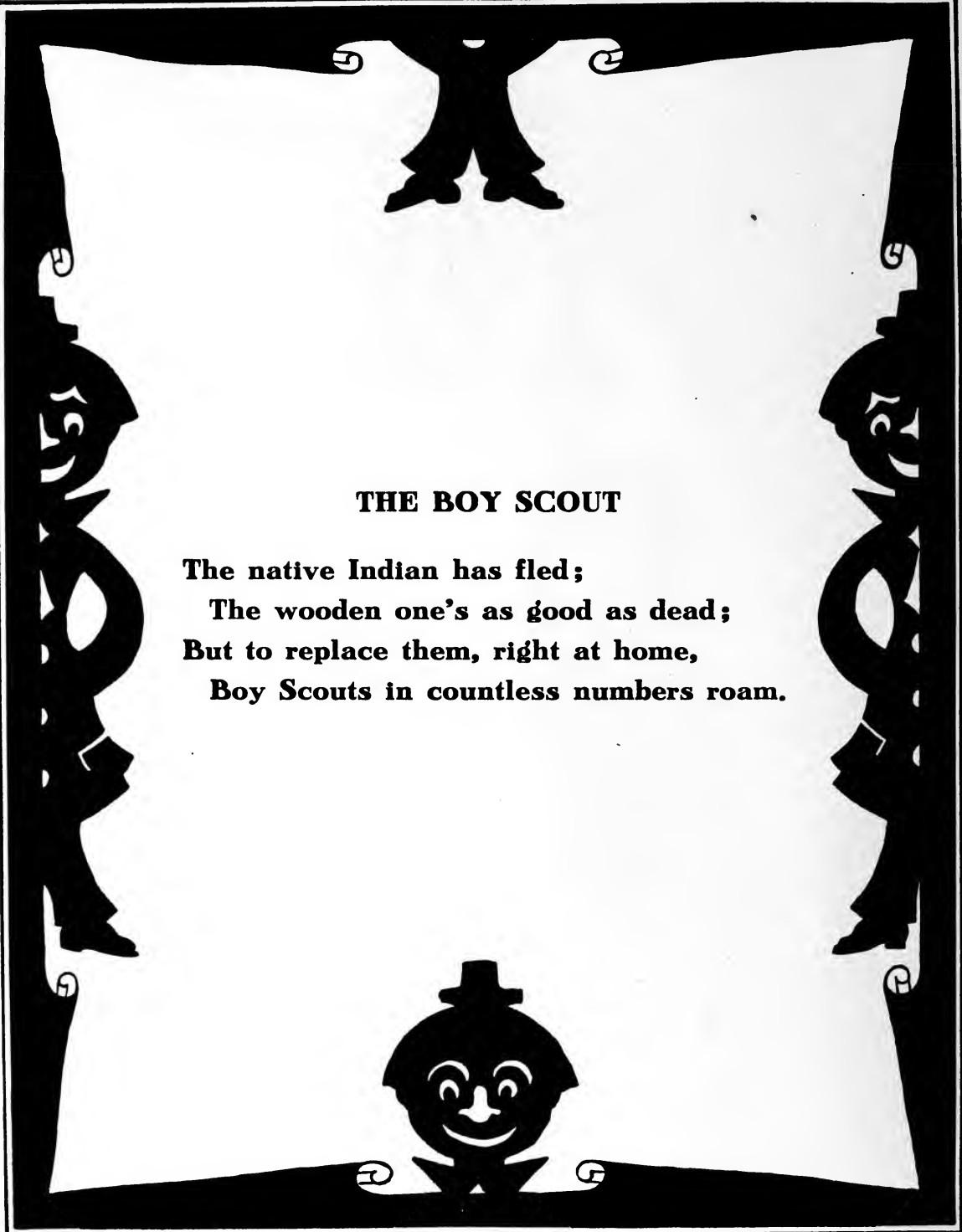




## **THE CAMPFIRE GIRL**

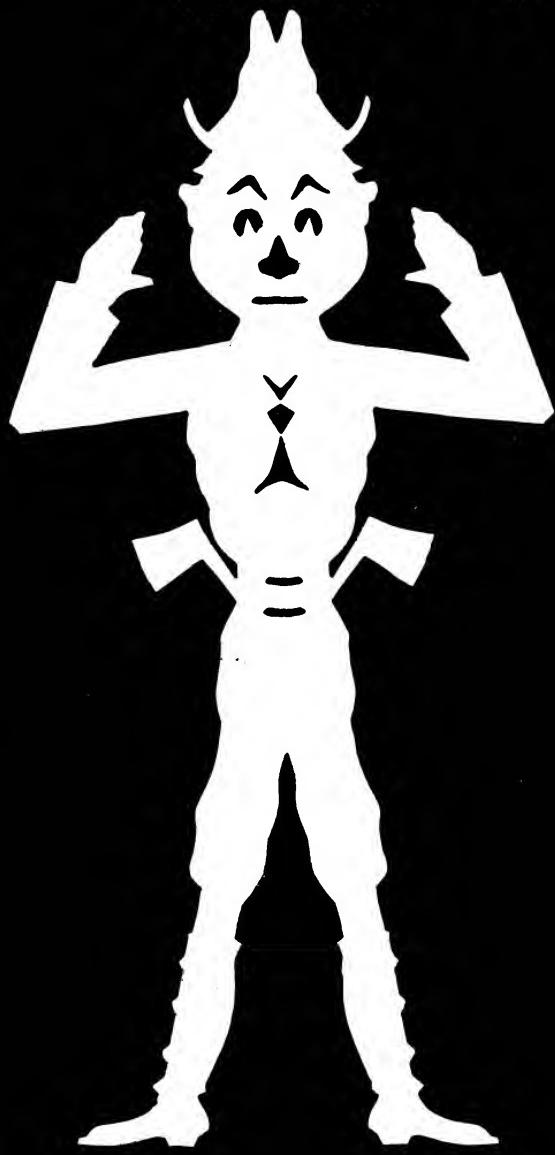
**'Twould hardly seem just right to greet  
With ridicule a thought so sweet;  
In masquerade a girl's the same,  
As dear, by any other name.**





## **THE BOY SCOUT**

**The native Indian has fled;  
The wooden one's as good as dead;  
But to replace them, right at home,  
Boy Scouts in countless numbers roam.**





## **THE OWL**

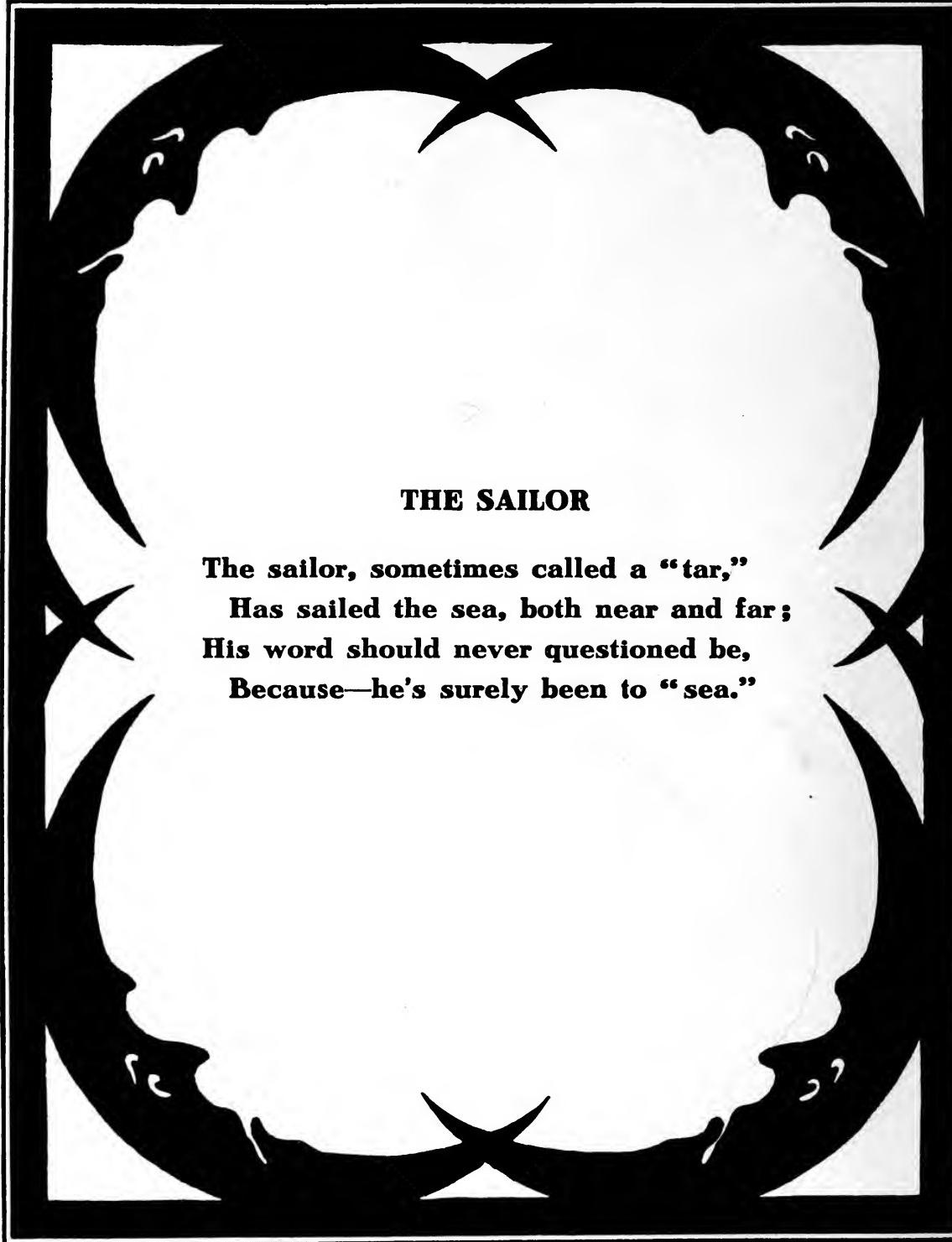
**The owl is called "a bird of prey,"  
Tho' prayers we never hear him say;  
It must be, all his prayers are said,  
When we are snugly tucked in bed.**



### A SCHOOL-BOY

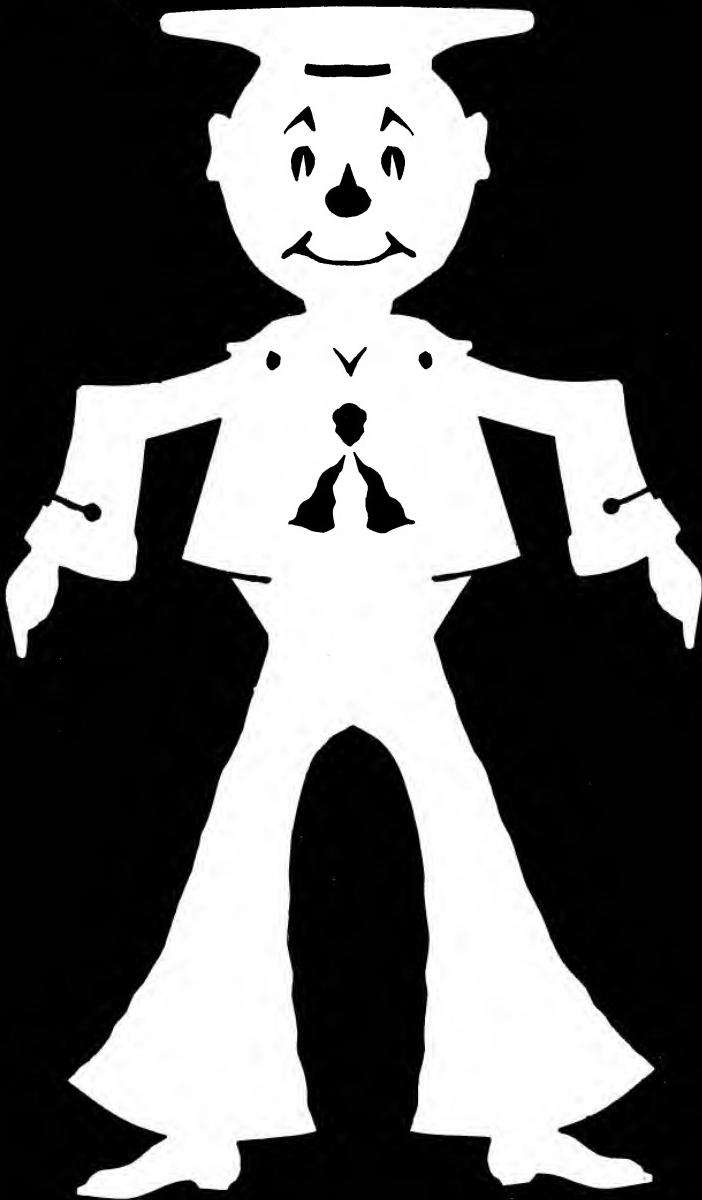
This School-Boy fearing against his wif,  
All studies he would like to kill;  
With teacher he is always fighting;  
This is a sample of his writing.

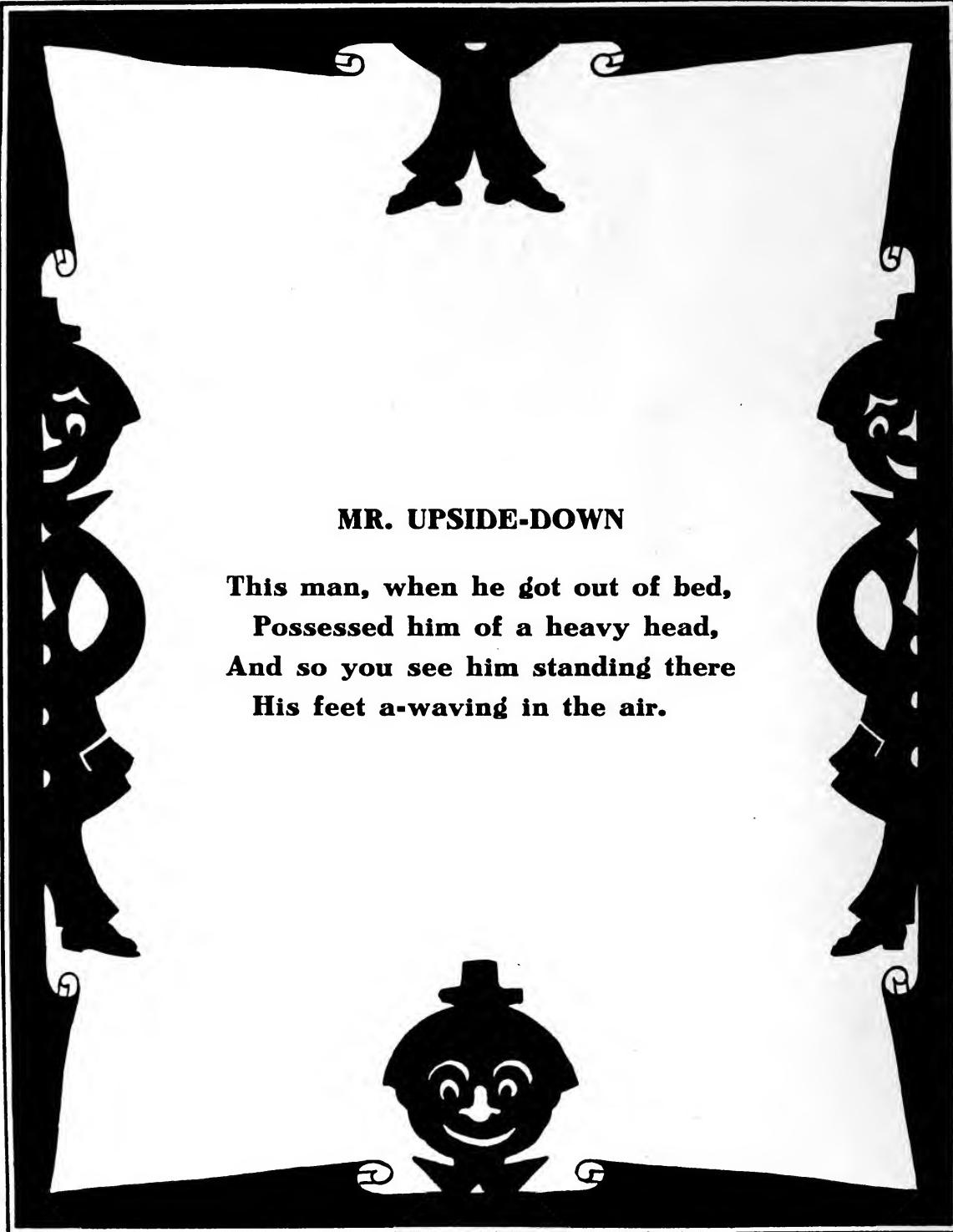




## **THE SAILOR**

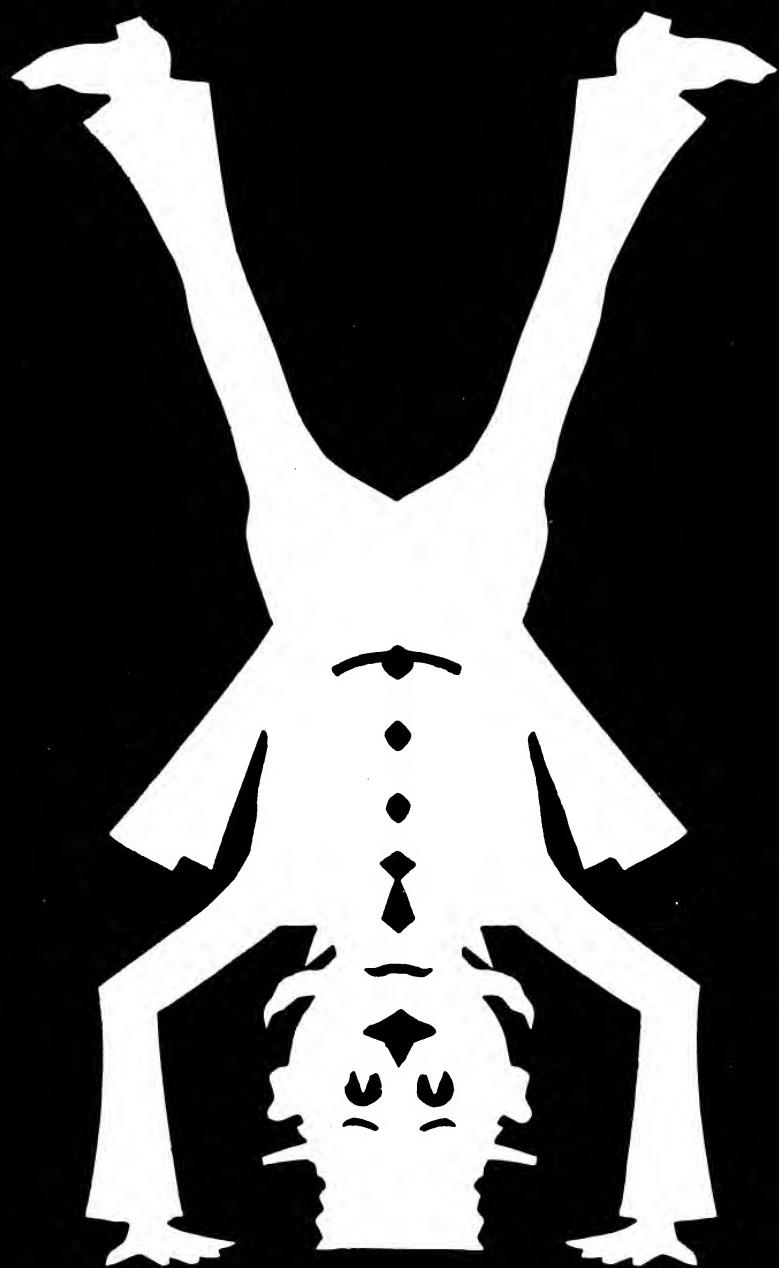
**The sailor, sometimes called a "tar,"  
Has sailed the sea, both near and far;  
His word should never questioned be,  
Because—he's surely been to "sea."**





## **MR. UPSIDE-DOWN**

**This man, when he got out of bed,  
Possessed him of a heavy head,  
And so you see him standing there  
His feet a-waving in the air.**

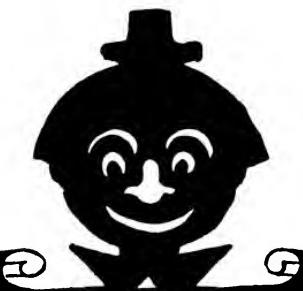




## **THE BALL PLAYER**

**"Tis he has made a nation's fame,  
To "fans" and "rooters" given name;  
In daily papers gets more space  
Than all the rest of human race.**





## **THE FRENCHMAN**

**The Frenchman, he capers  
And prances about,  
But, still, he's the man  
Girls can not do without ;  
He leads in the fashion,  
At least by a mile,  
And is always creating  
Some new thing in style.**

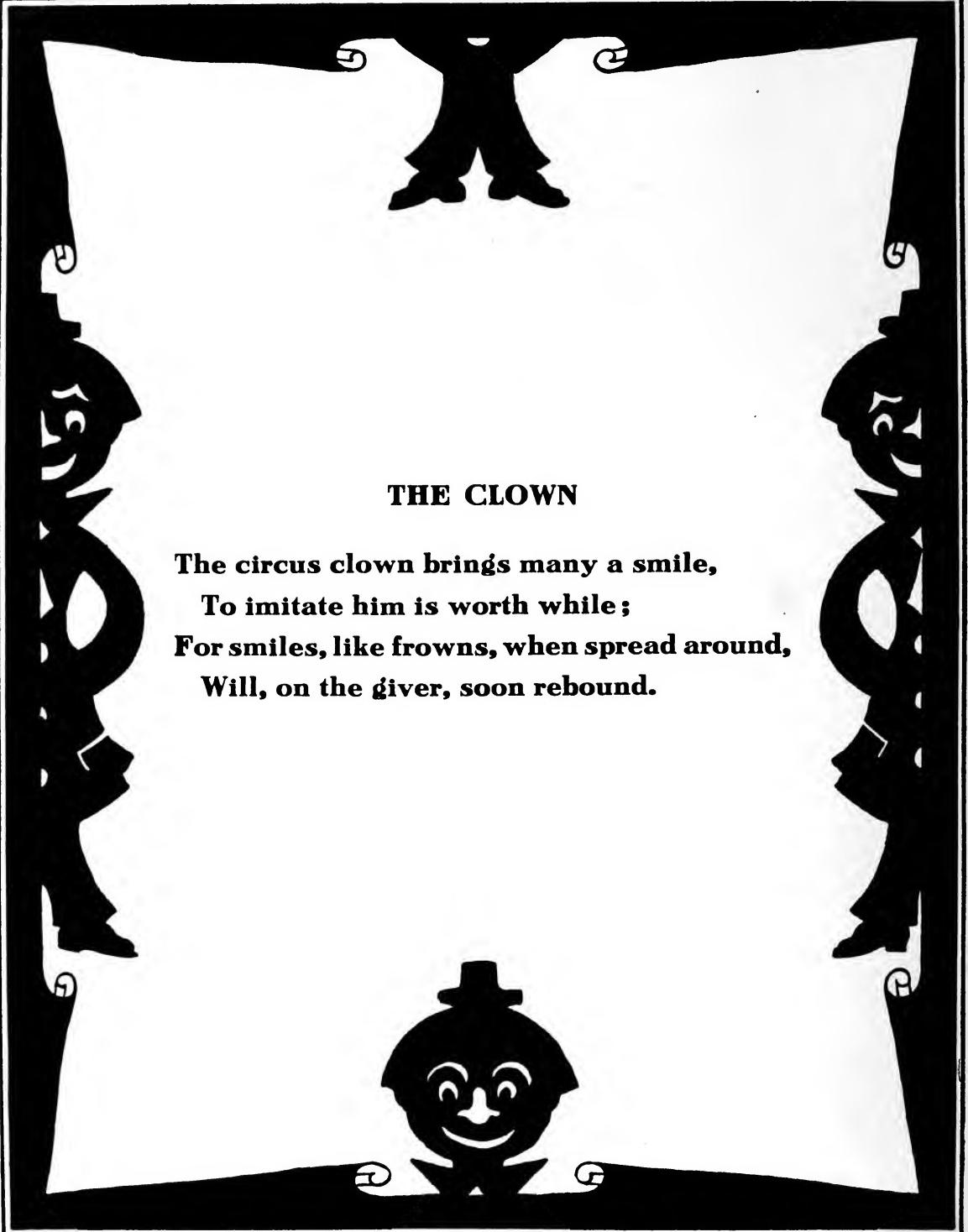




## A CHANGE OF COLOR

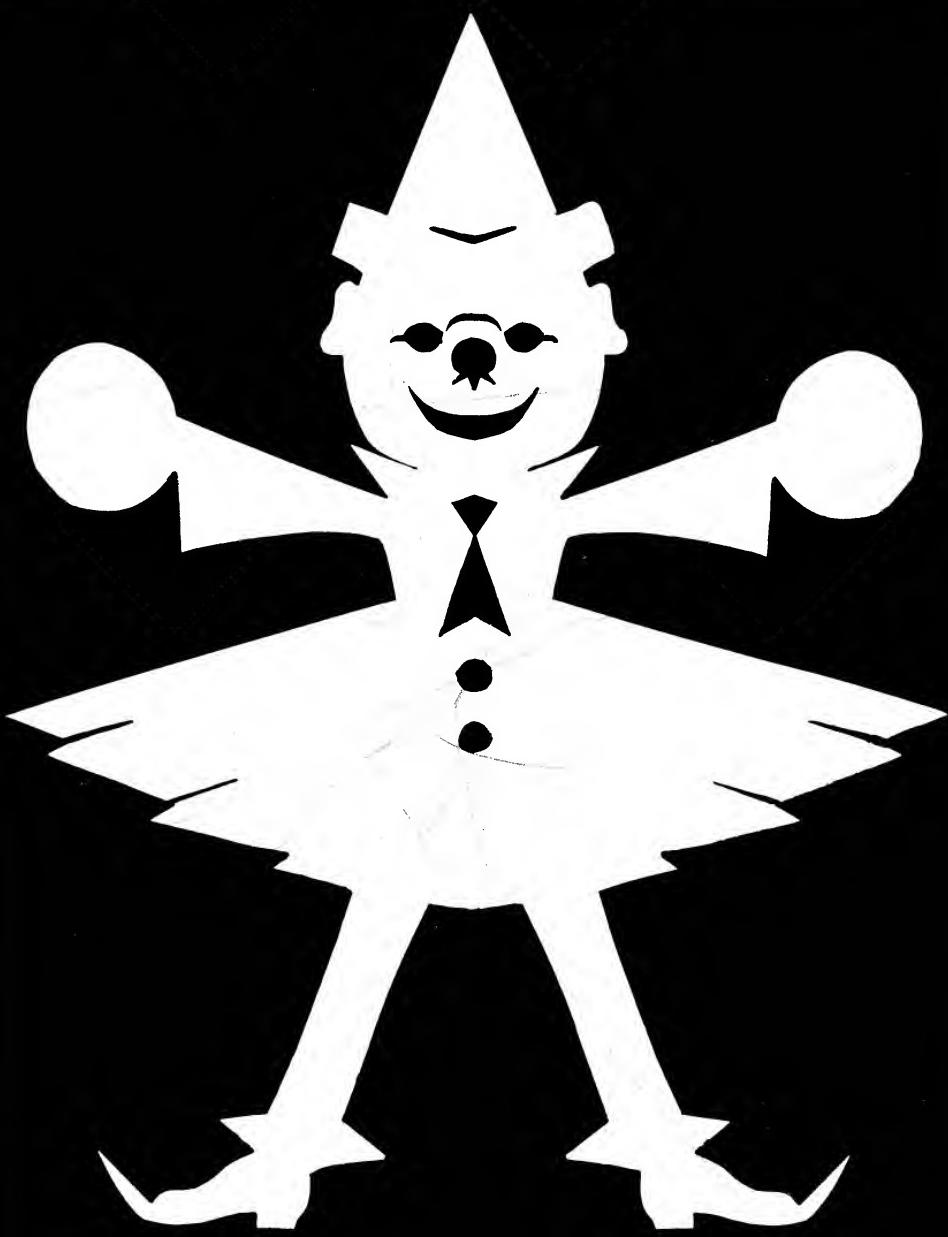
For once, we have a change of shade,  
This man is of black paper made;  
And, you'll agree, 'twould not be right  
To try to make a black man—white.

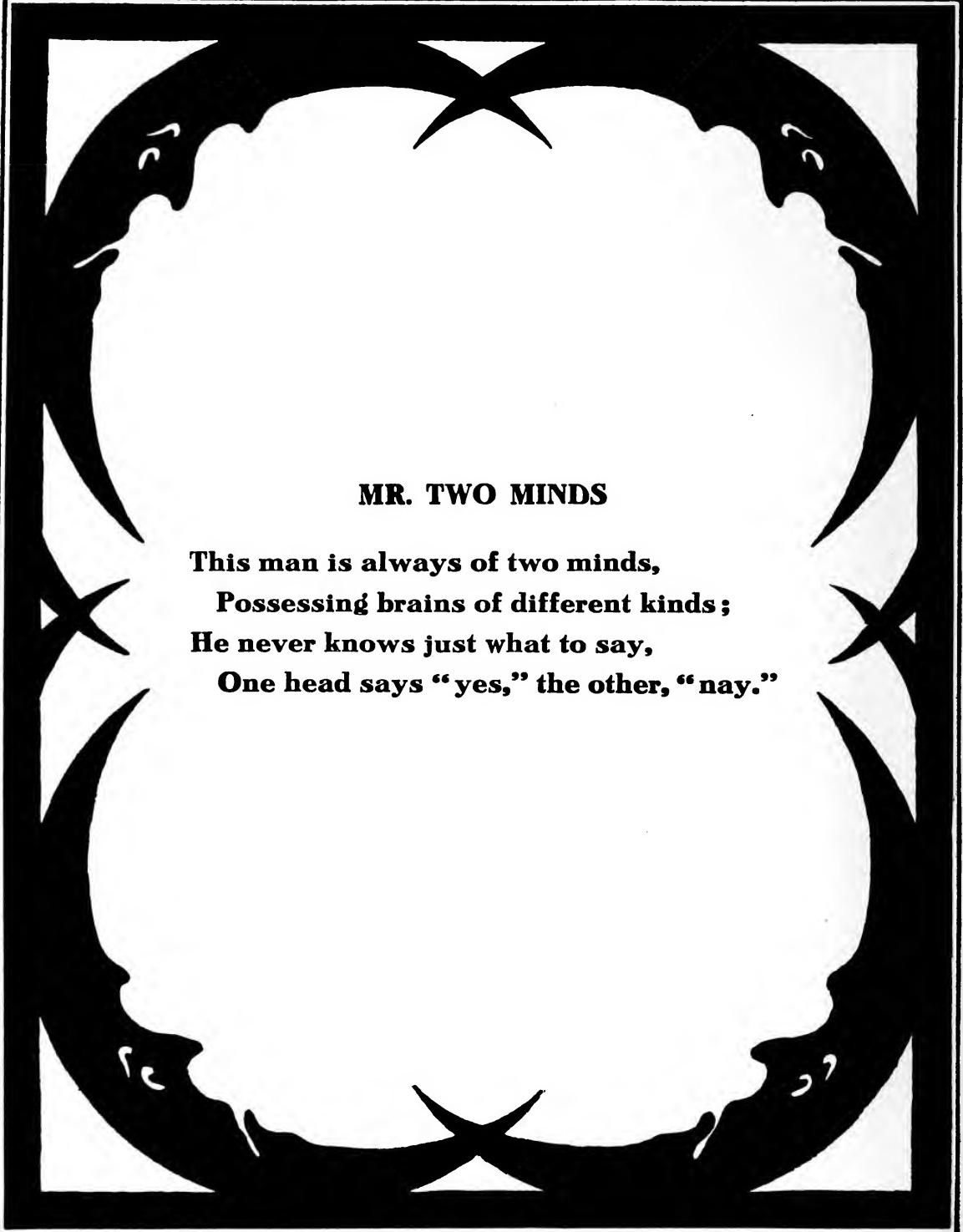




## **THE CLOWN**

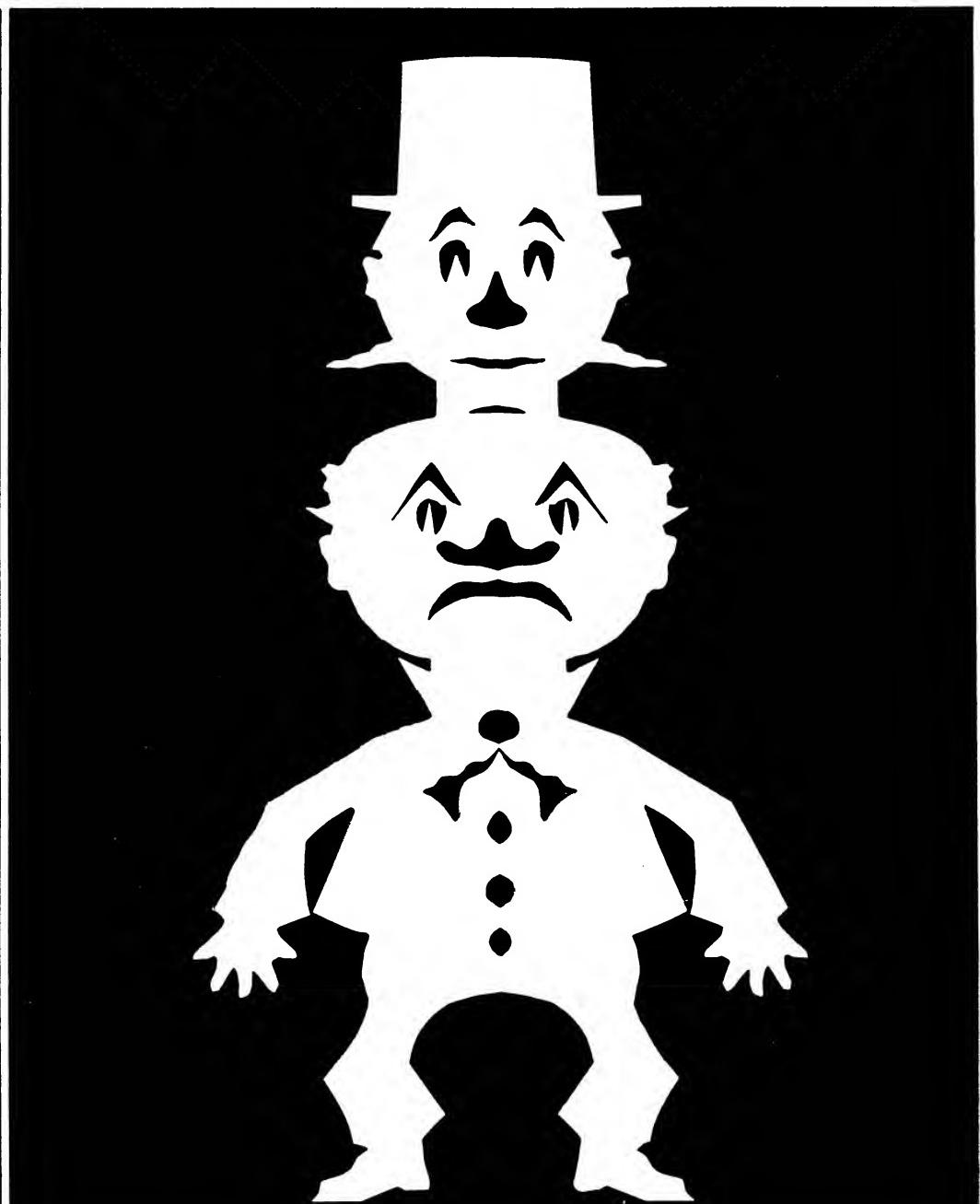
**The circus clown brings many a smile,  
To imitate him is worth while;  
For smiles, like frowns, when spread around,  
Will, on the giver, soon rebound.**





## **MR. TWO MINDS**

**This man is always of two minds,  
Possessing brains of different kinds ;  
He never knows just what to say,  
One head says "yes," the other, "nay."**





A black and white shadowgraph illustration. At the top center, a simple silhouette of a person's legs and feet stands on a white surface. On the left and right sides, large, stylized profiles of men's heads and shoulders are shown in black. The man on the left has a mustache and a bow tie. The man on the right has a more rounded face and a bow tie. In the bottom center, there is a larger, more detailed silhouette of a man's head and shoulders. This central figure has a wide, smiling mouth, large eyes, and a small nose. He appears to be wearing a dark jacket or coat over a light-colored shirt. The entire scene is set against a white background within a black rectangular frame.

### A SHADOWGRAPH

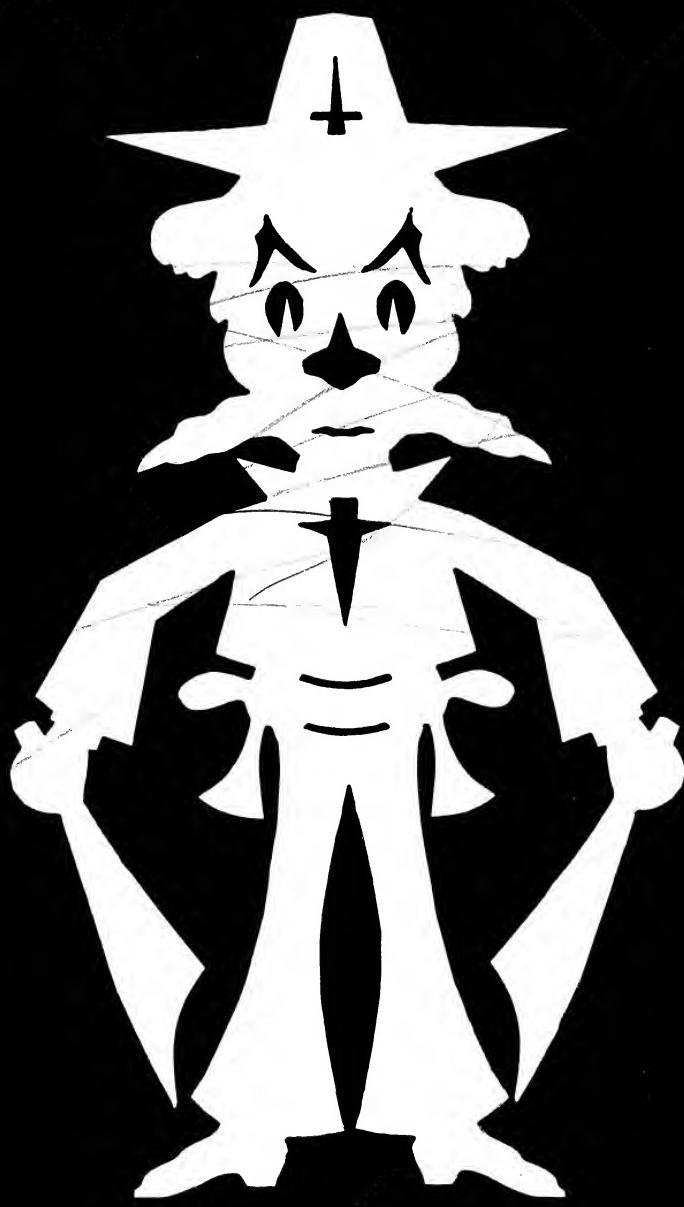
**This man, with shadow close behind,  
Is no exception to his kind;  
If on each man the light could fall  
You'd see their shadows on the wall.**

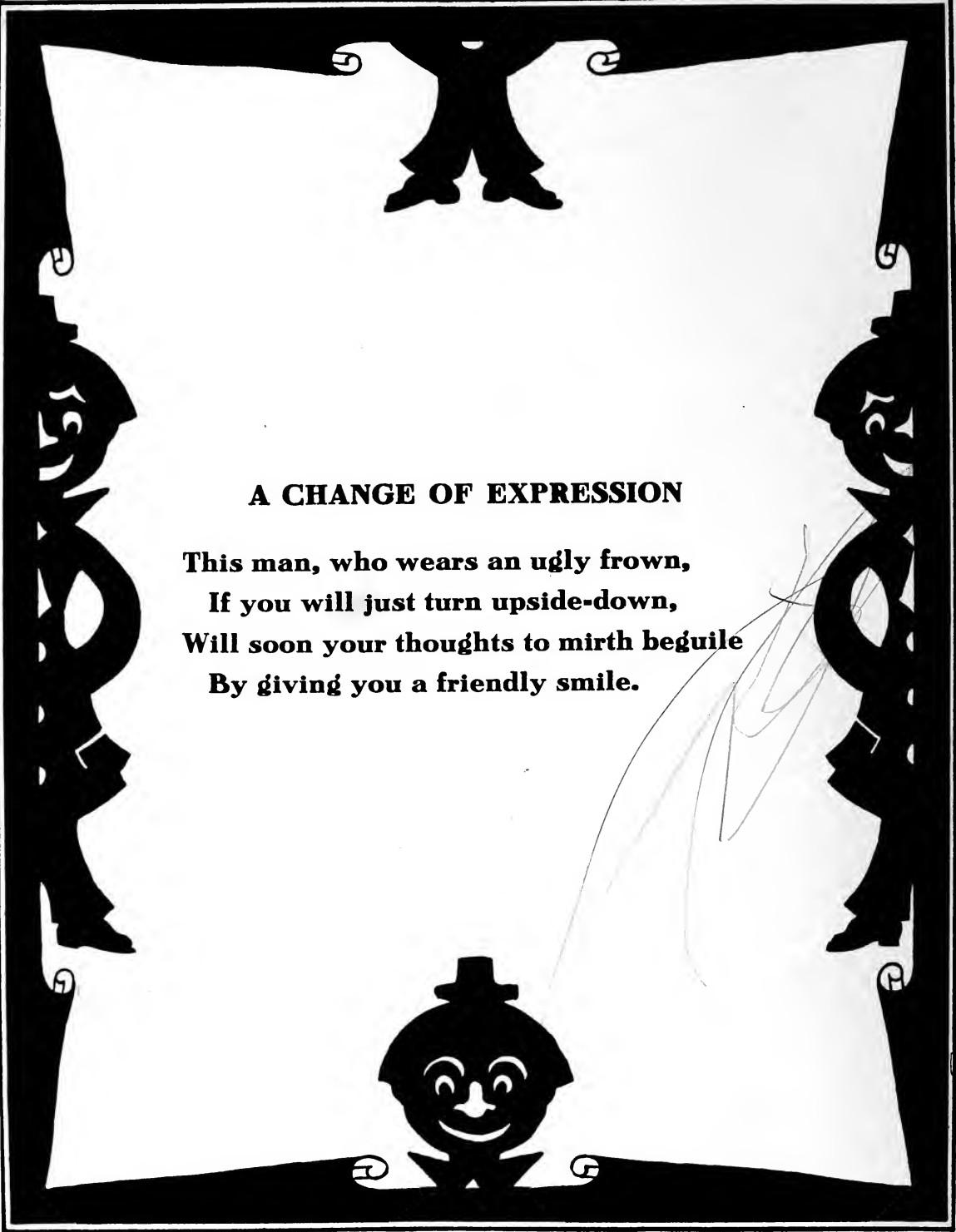




## **THE SPANIARD**

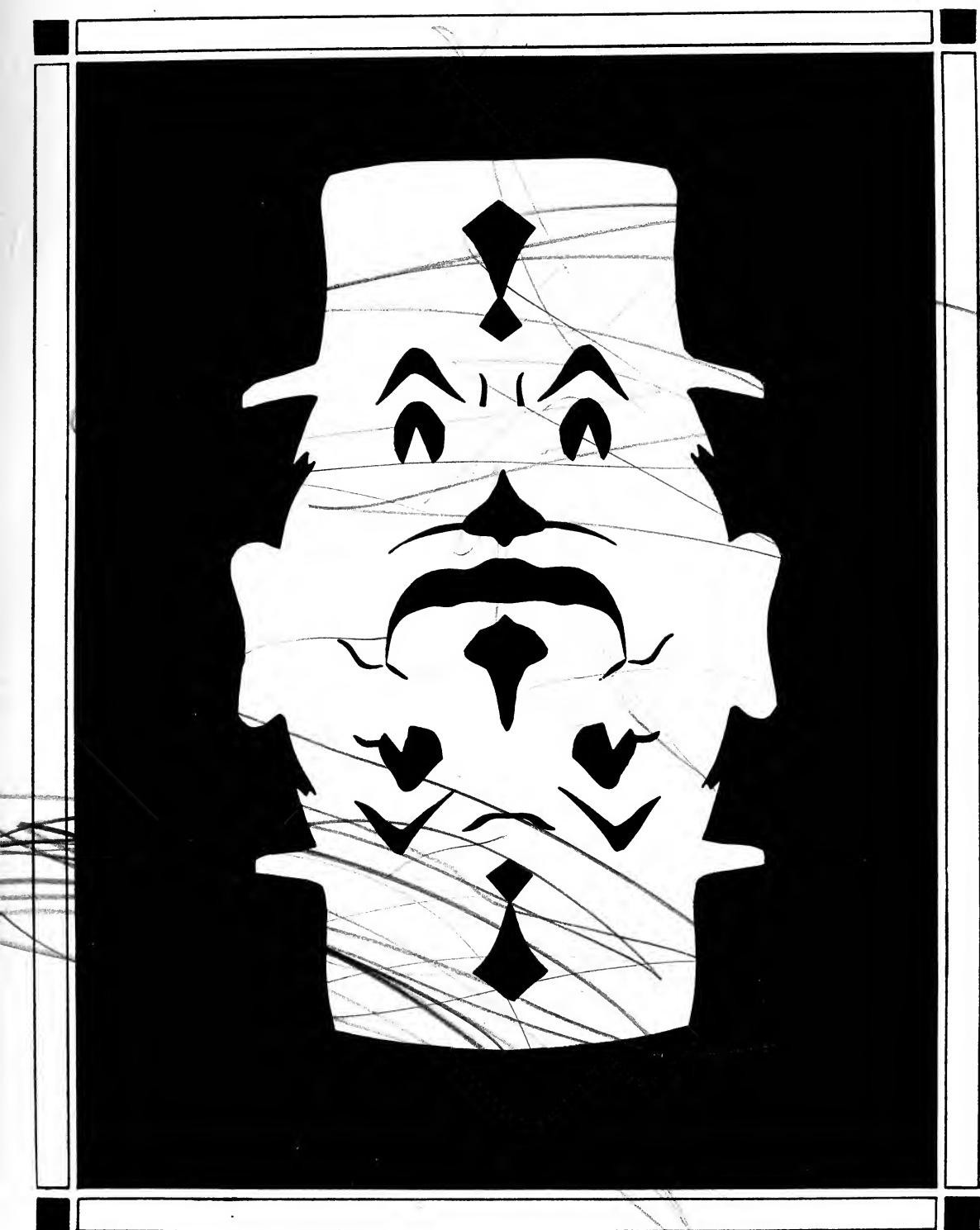
**The Spaniard reminds us  
Of pirates and gold,  
When the old Spanish main  
Was a robber's stronghold;  
But to-day we are thankful  
That pieces-of-eight  
And the bold buccaneer  
Are both much out-of-date.**

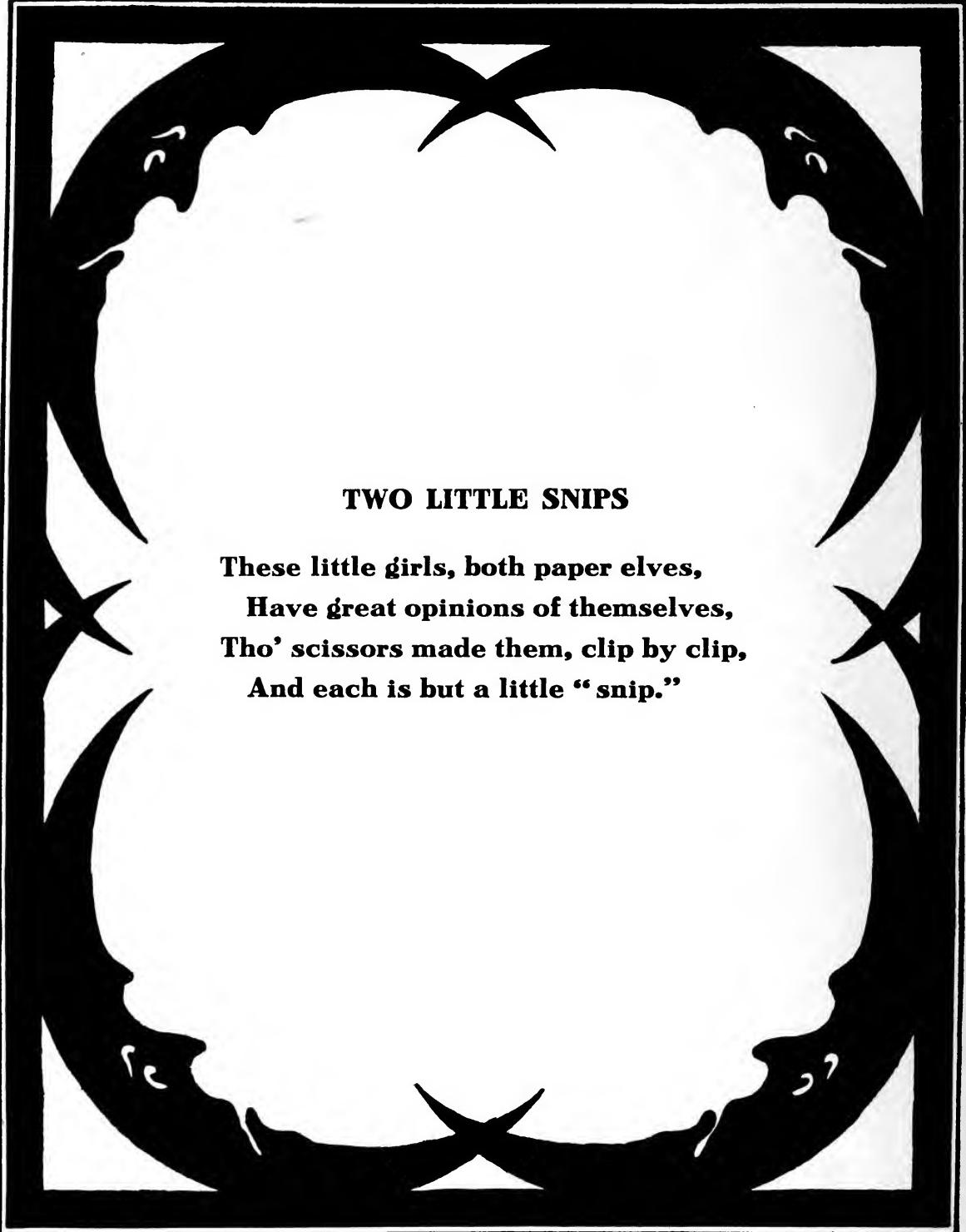




## **A CHANGE OF EXPRESSION**

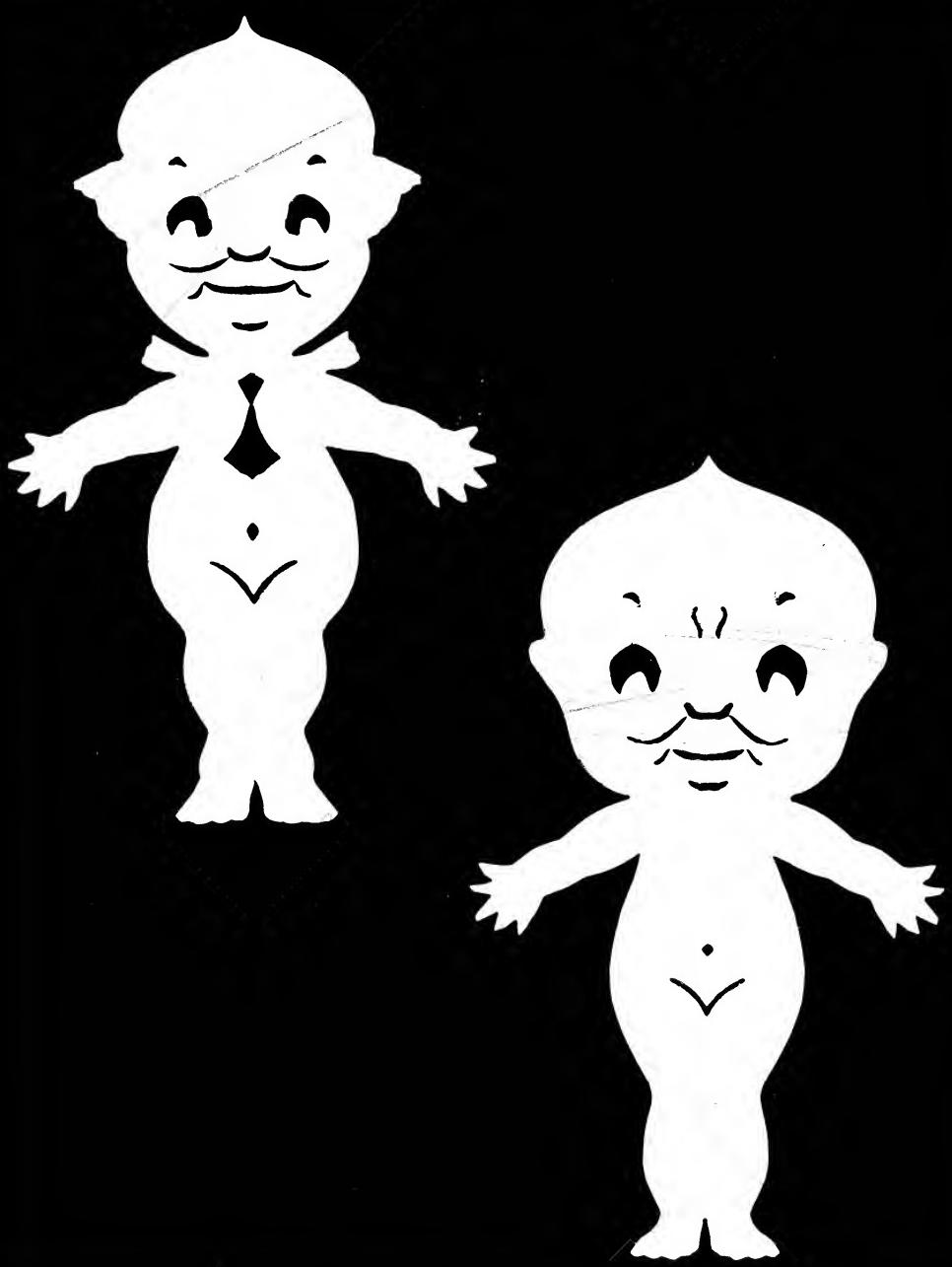
**This man, who wears an ugly frown,  
If you will just turn upside-down,  
Will soon your thoughts to mirth beguile  
By giving you a friendly smile.**

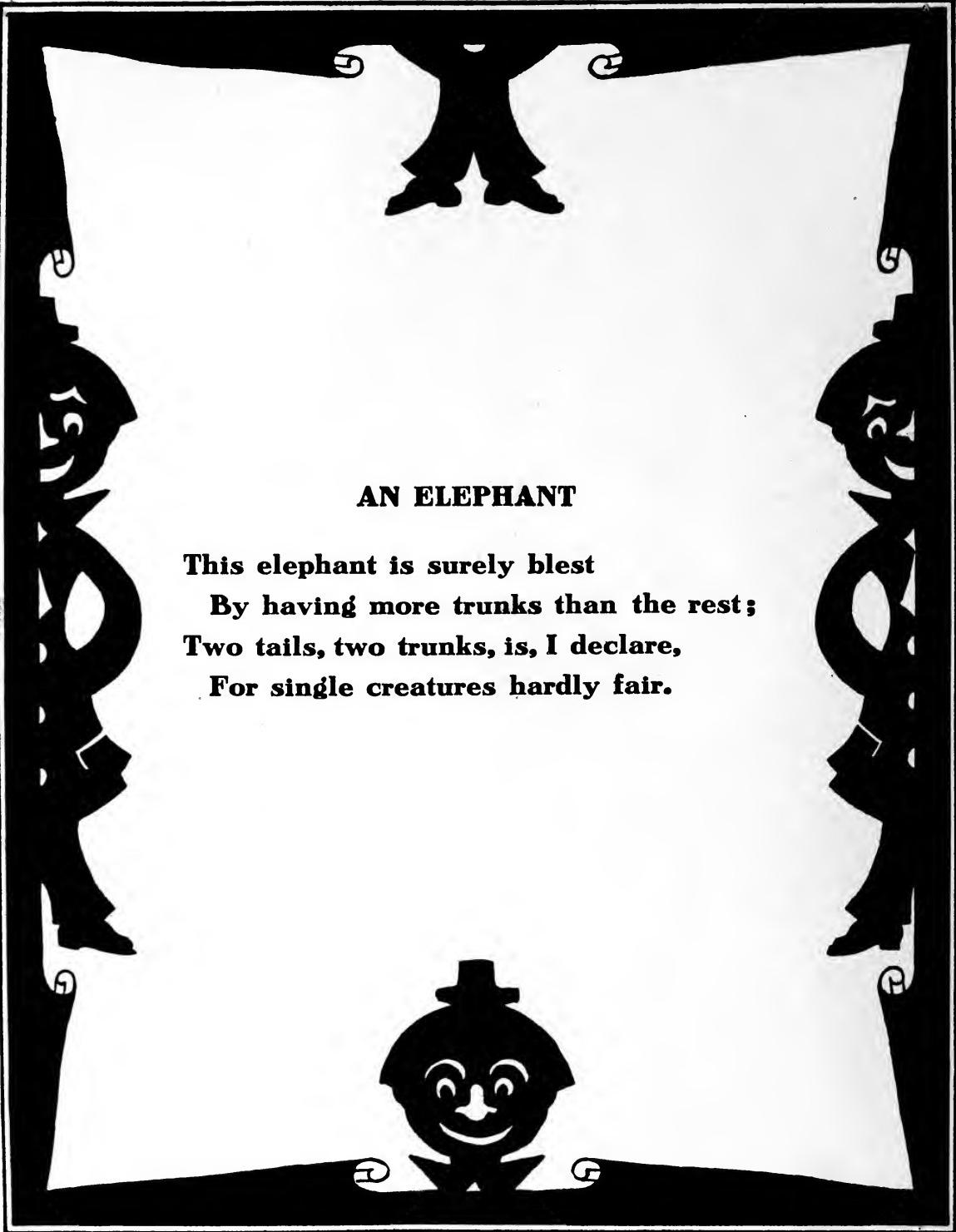




## **TWO LITTLE SNIPS**

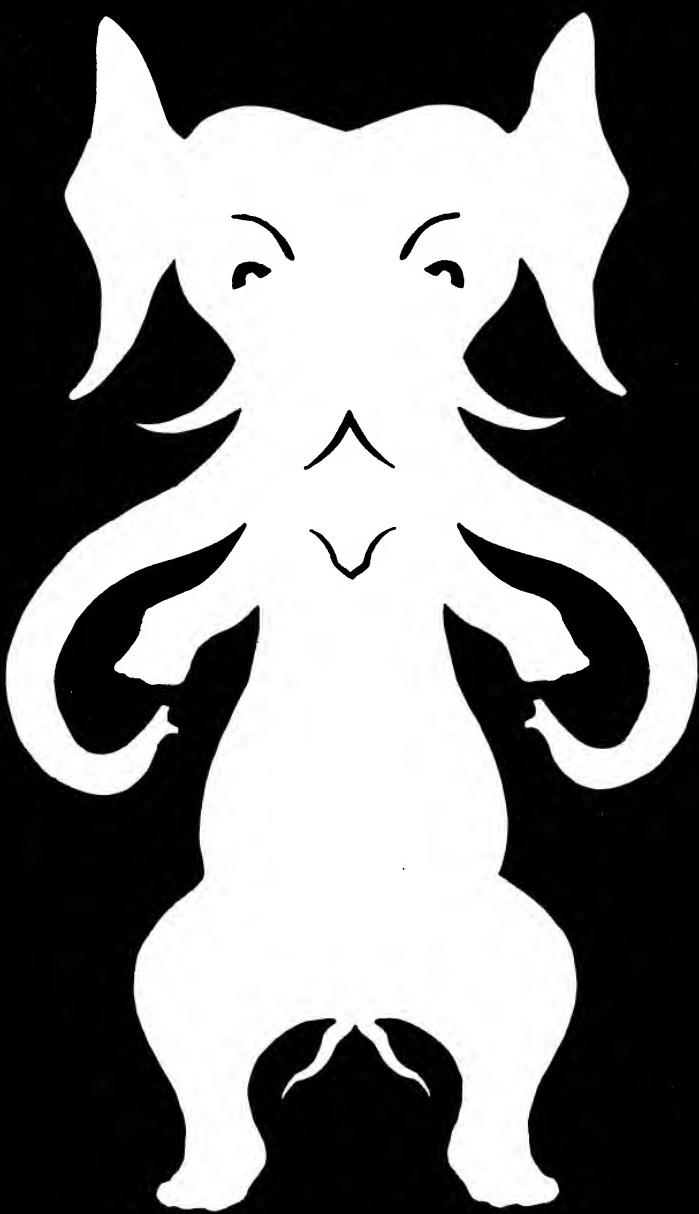
**These little girls, both paper elves,  
Have great opinions of themselves,  
Tho' scissors made them, clip by clip,  
And each is but a little "snip."**

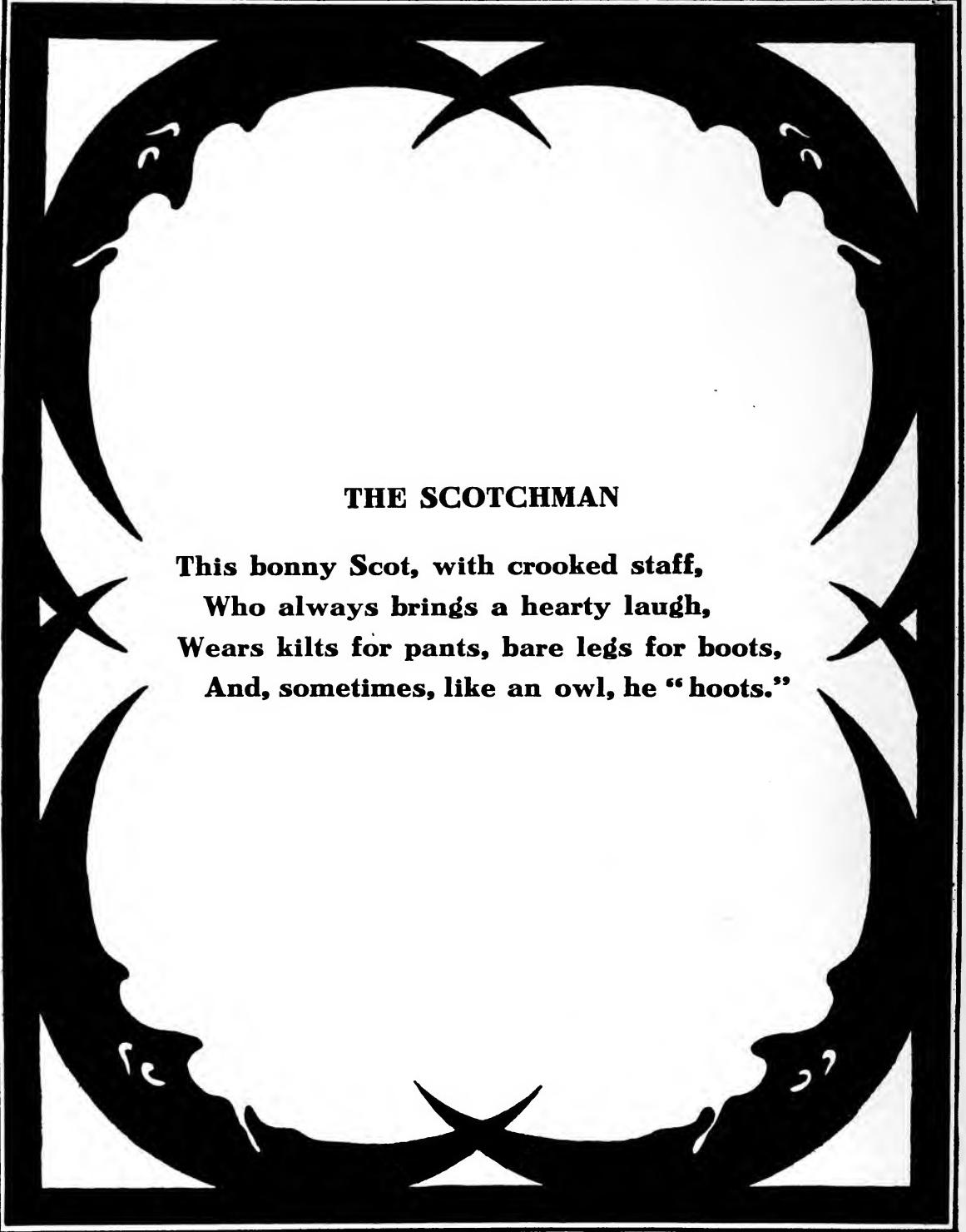




## **AN ELEPHANT**

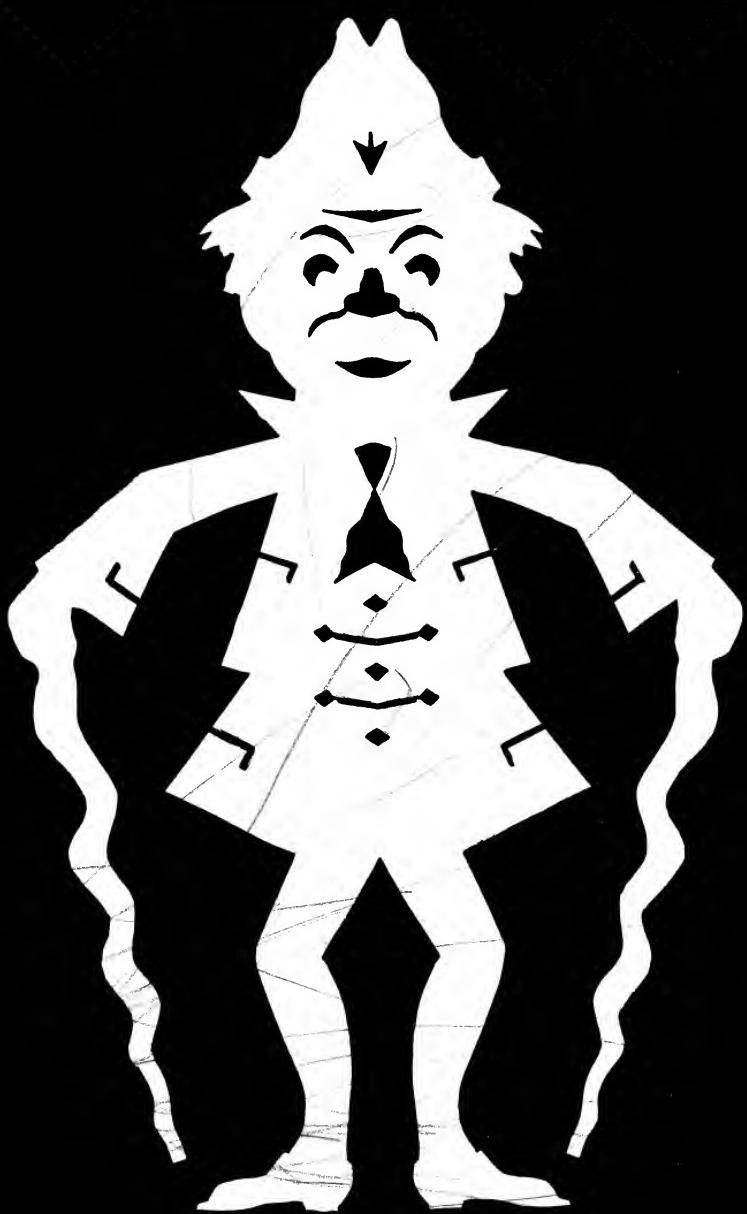
**This elephant is surely blest  
By having more trunks than the rest;  
Two tails, two trunks, is, I declare,  
For single creatures hardly fair.**

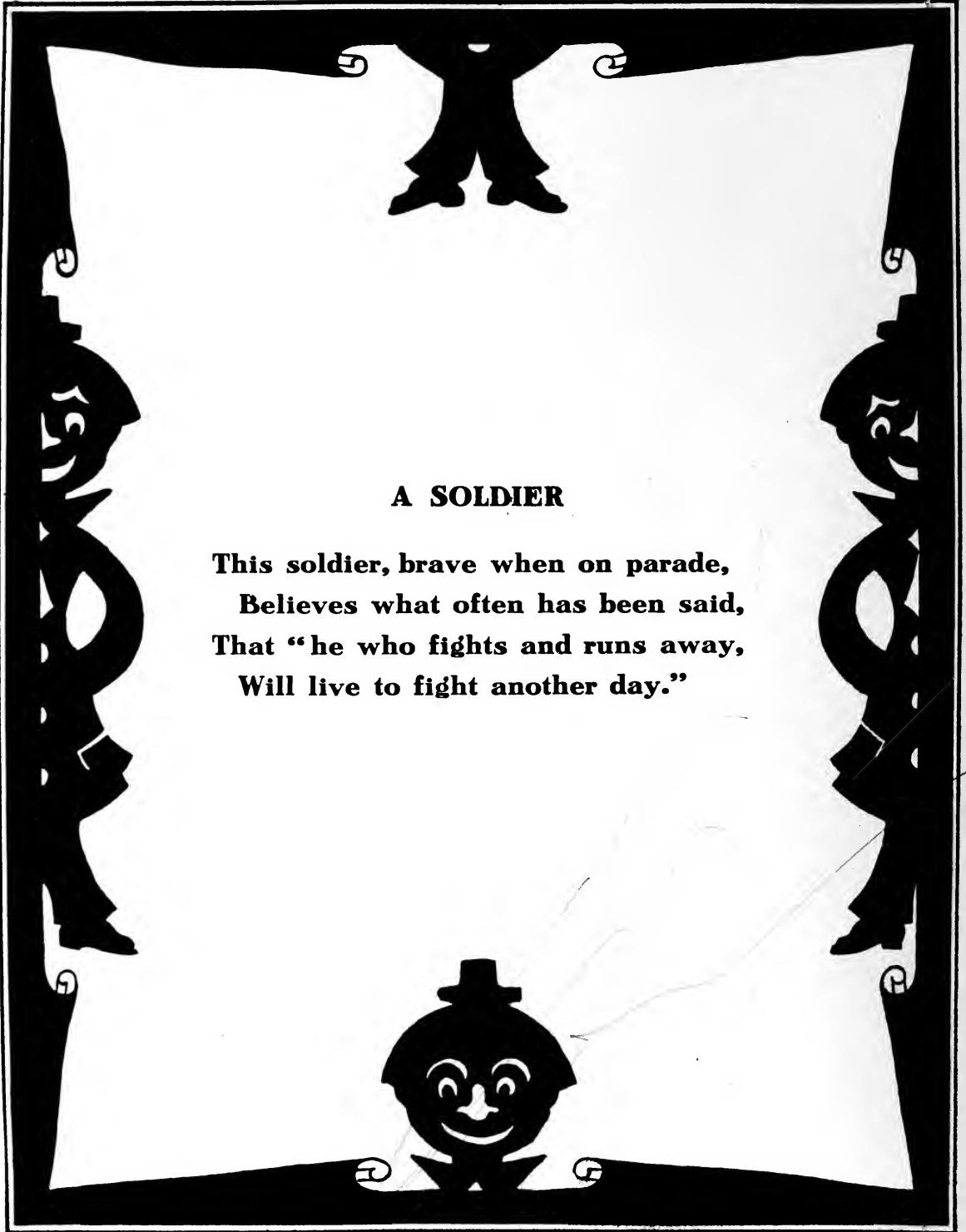




## **THE SCOTCHMAN**

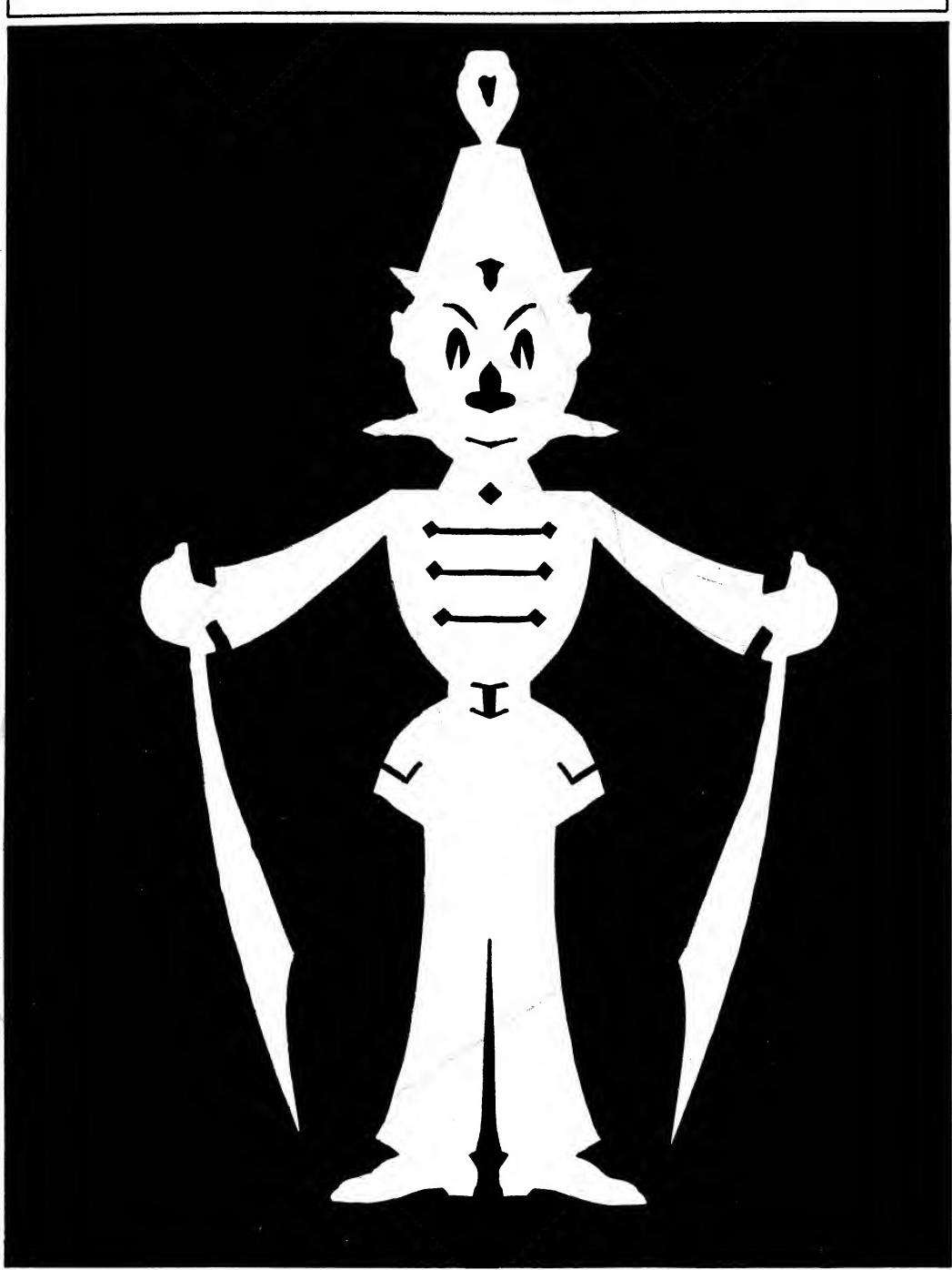
**This bonny Scot, with crooked staff,  
Who always brings a hearty laugh,  
Wears kilts for pants, bare legs for boots,  
And, sometimes, like an owl, he "hoots."**

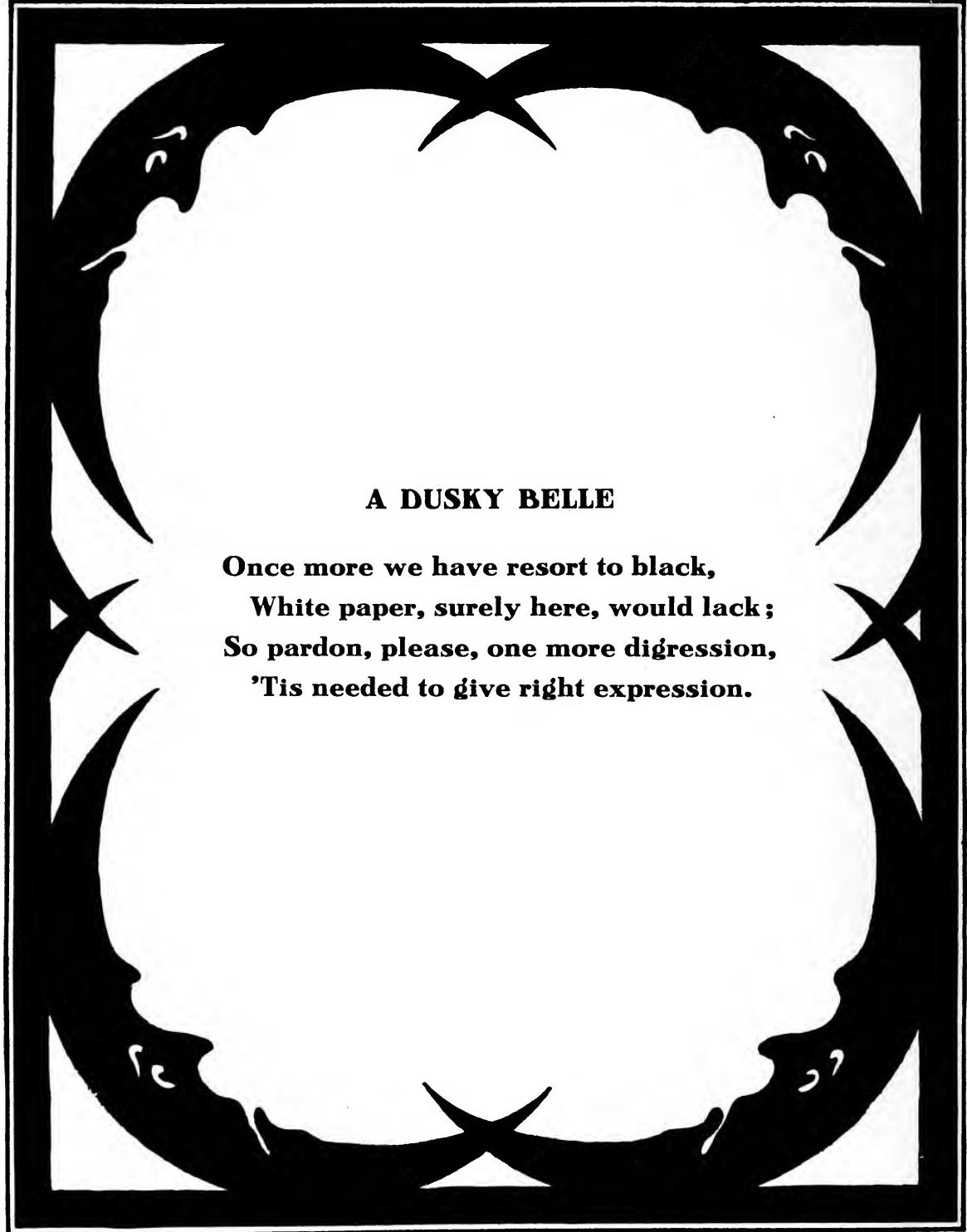




## A SOLDIER

This soldier, brave when on parade,  
Believes what often has been said,  
That "he who fights and runs away,  
Will live to fight another day."

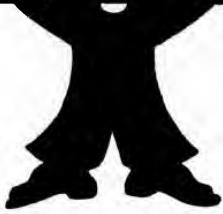




### **A DUSKY BELLE**

**Once more we have resort to black,  
White paper, surely here, would lack ;  
So pardon, please, one more digression,  
'Tis needed to give right expression.**



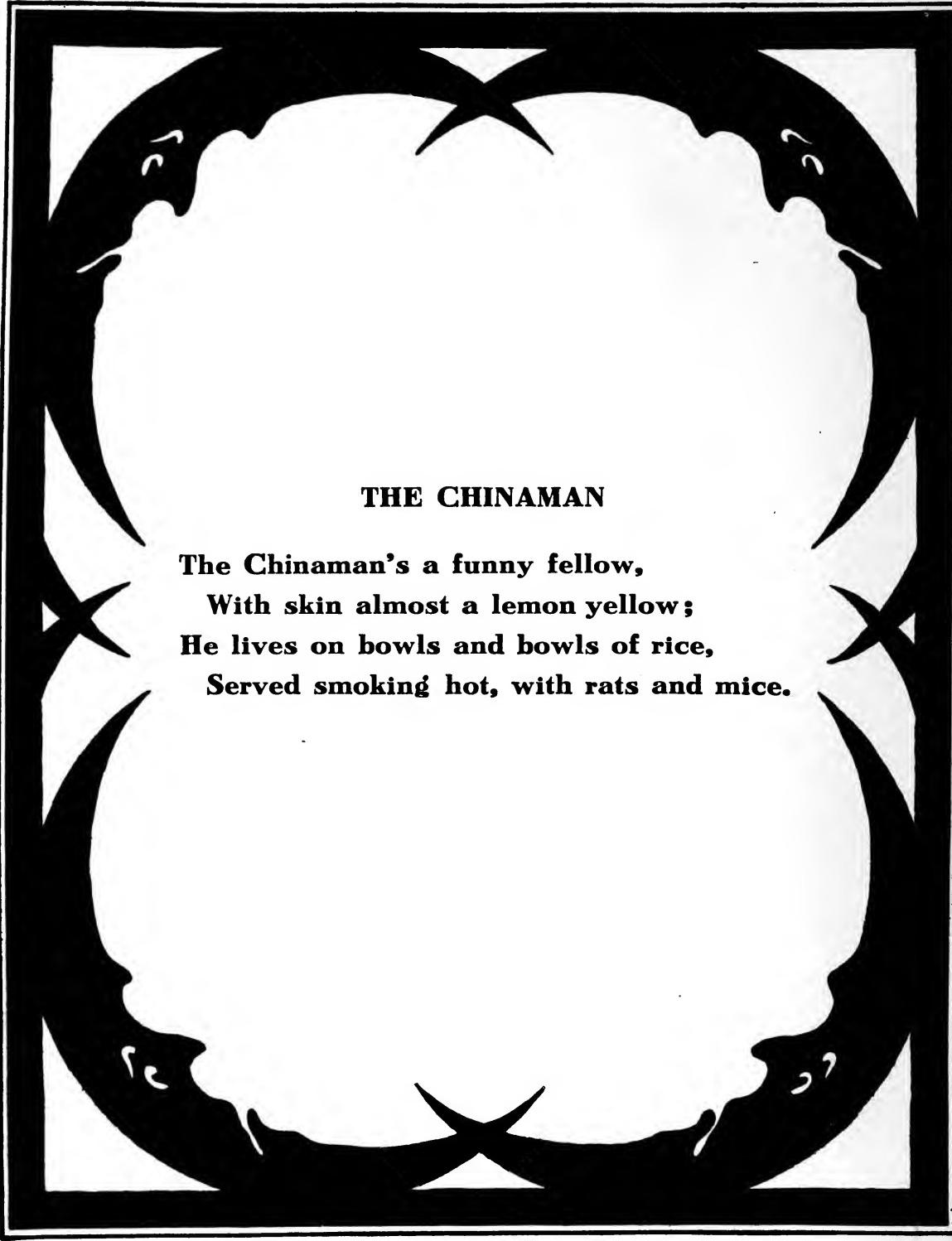


## **THE MAN IN THE MOON**

**The man in the moon  
Has caused many a flutter  
By peeping, at night,  
Thro' the cracks of the shutter;  
The children, in bed,  
See his ghost on the floor,  
And they wish that mamma  
Would, please, open the door.**

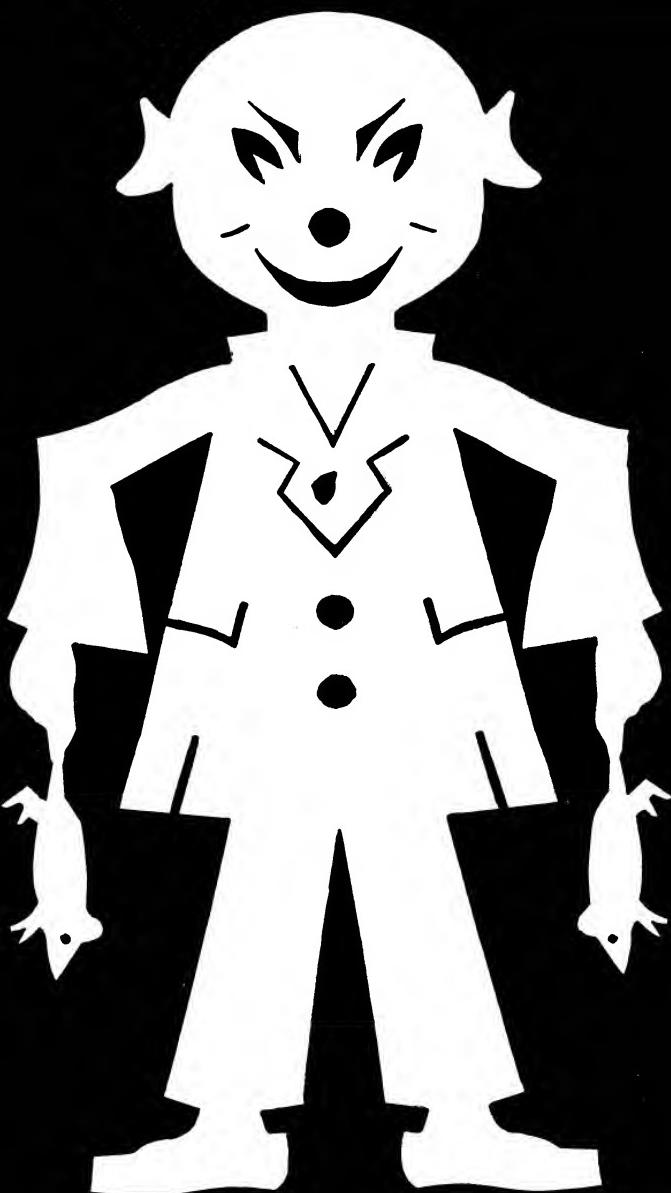


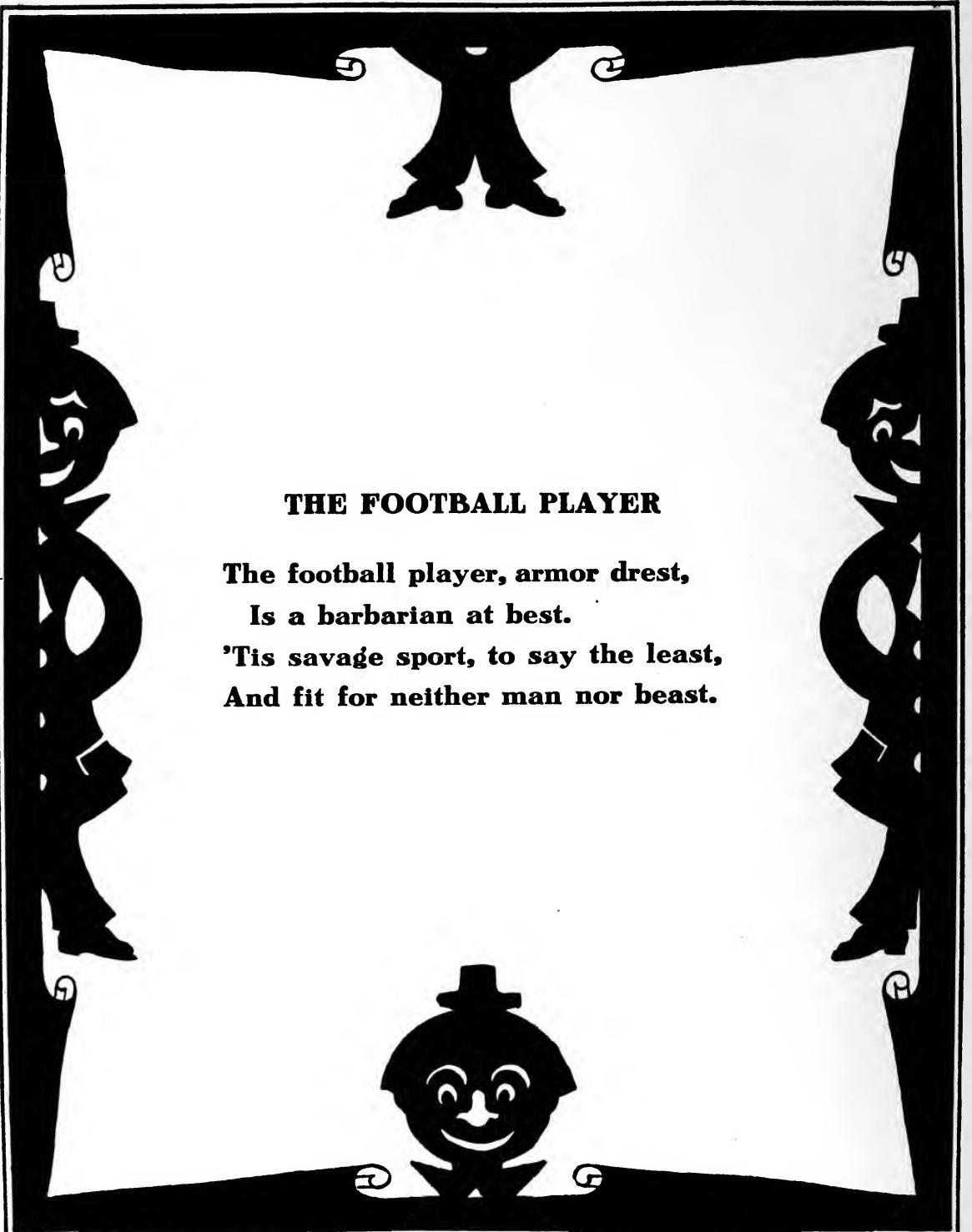




## **THE CHINAMAN**

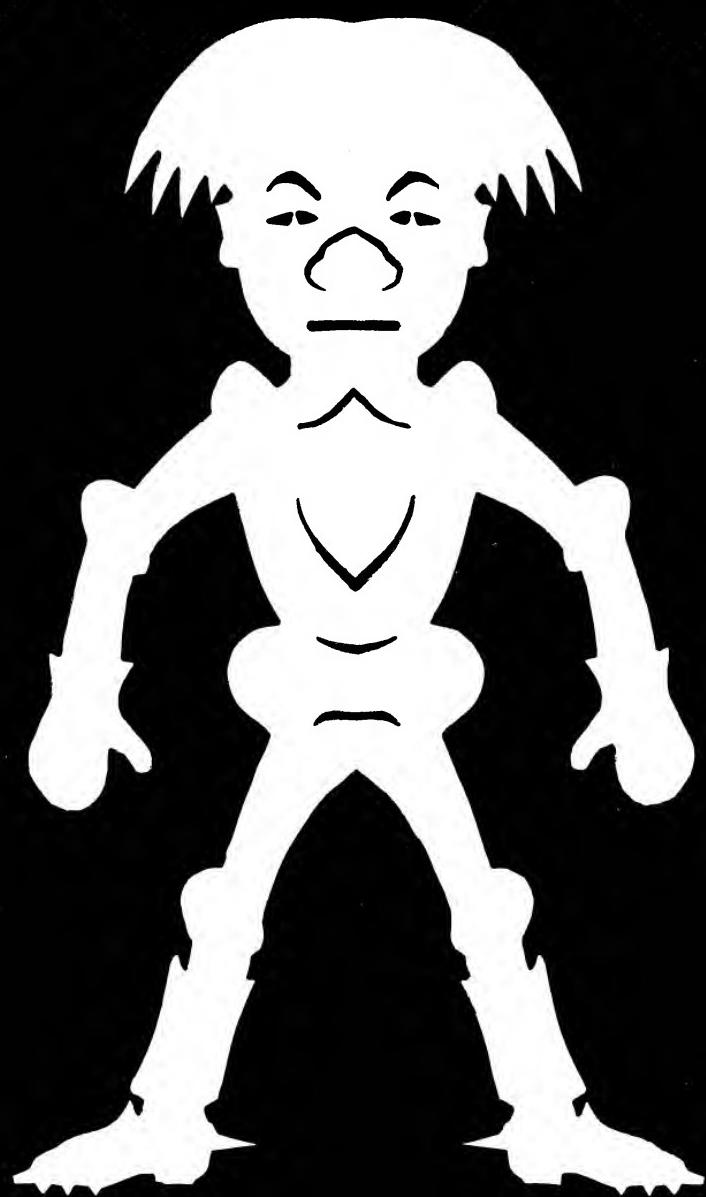
**The Chinaman's a funny fellow,  
With skin almost a lemon yellow;  
He lives on bowls and bowls of rice,  
Served smoking hot, with rats and mice.**

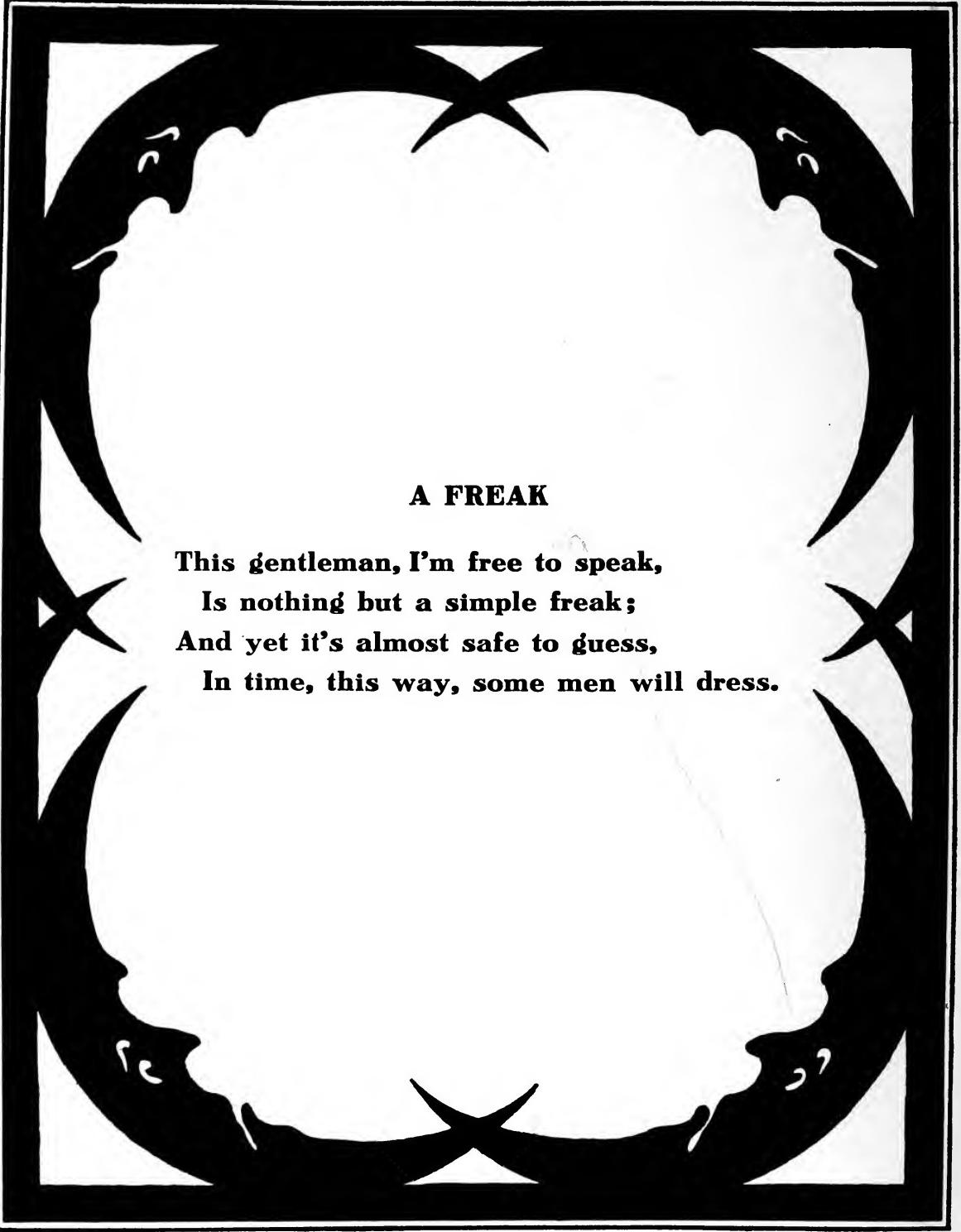




## **THE FOOTBALL PLAYER**

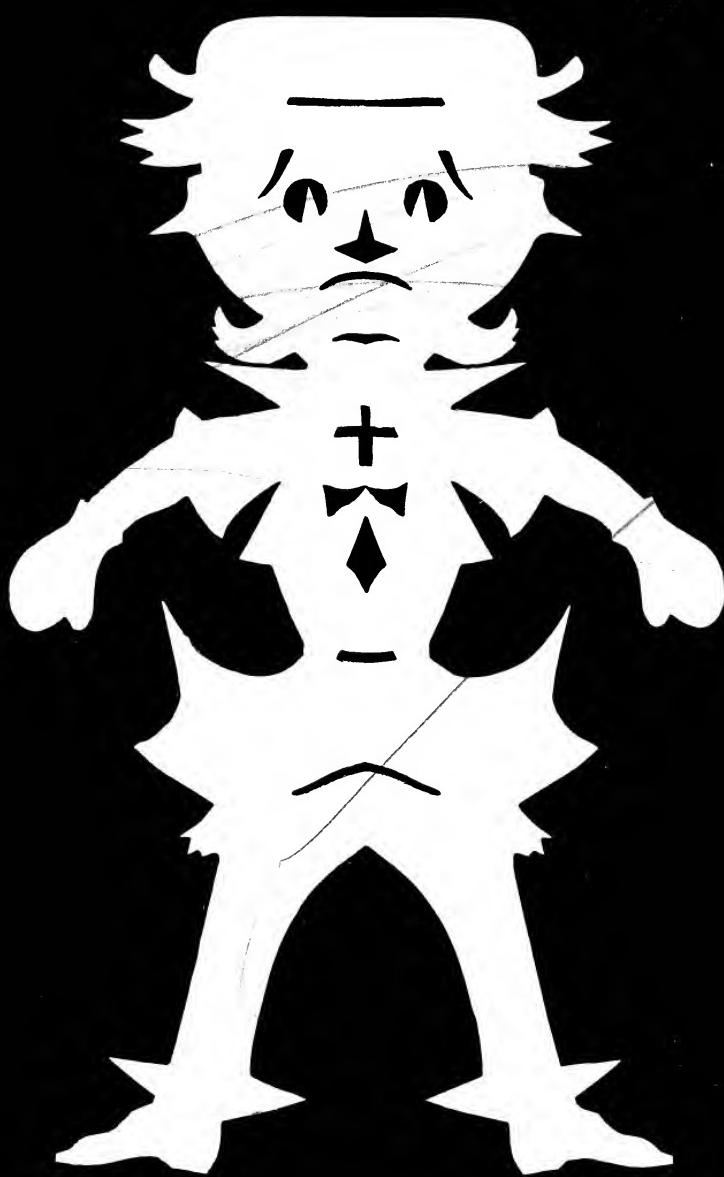
**The football player, armor drest,  
Is a barbarian at best.  
'Tis savage sport, to say the least,  
And fit for neither man nor beast.**

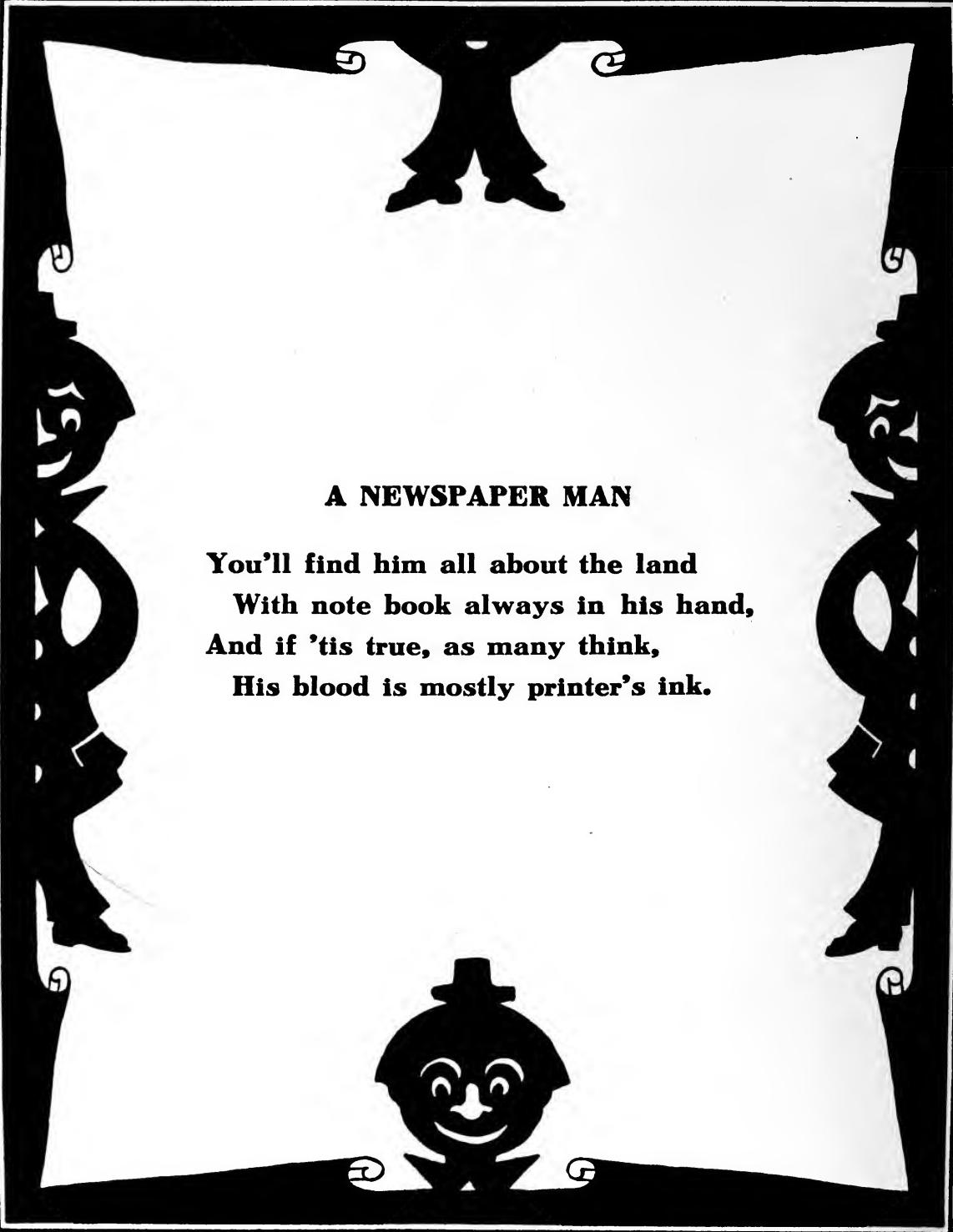




## A FREAK

**This gentleman, I'm free to speak,  
Is nothing but a simple freak;  
And yet it's almost safe to guess,  
In time, this way, some men will dress.**





## A NEWSPAPER MAN

You'll find him all about the land  
With note book always in his hand,  
And if 'tis true, as many think,  
His blood is mostly printer's ink.

of years  
the little  
practice their  
when her father  
one quite mad, my

his knee when  
more fascinating  
Hans said even  
so madder than  
defined theory  
has had fifty

definite final

had over meet-  
work just after  
when Stone's  
paper, and in his emo-  
a great modern Daniel,  
arassed him with enthusiasm  
more proof that most people al-  
then the flattery came from a mid-  
snobbed with the dealers of the world  
and to know now he was talking about  
friend about conquest and compi-  
having very—put it, for Monsieur  
Stone crept many sentiments and  
have made the gentleman squirm with

"Well—what can I say? I can't turn on him when  
ing so decent to me, and him I don't believe half  
things he thinks I do hurt his feelings. Besides  
I want to. I like him. His extraordinary sweetness,  
qualities like a woman's, I like him." Mr. Stone  
awkward laugh and flushed a little. "I think  
not quite well. My ferocity seems to have  
I wouldn't catch a fly. I find myself in love

saying more in the same strain  
that and didn't let him go on  
sweetness—you're right—more  
else I ever knew. Have  
through. He treats her as  
kissing her hand and  
lessness of heart."

to his Pacific  
synthetic about

anyone else—  
hard luck  
But it has  
was before  
ing and tender  
him. "You're  
was once mo

the kno

ever me  
and rain and  
you sunshine is  
leged to try;  
wind, but if I can  
it for you, and Hans  
I'm being thoroughly  
in town with my  
thinking of my sis  
for the reconstruct  
plane. Get more  
But I daresay they  
I wish you a Har

He signed his  
among his robes  
into her eyes  
tiful and  
Another man,  
his unhappy  
see him again  
knew. The weaknes

she saw only what he po

sweetness, the poetry in him

In the height of her softened  
house, and the presently unwis

sure that the separation was

said, was dead.

it lie in its

One thing was sur

and always re

ing and intimate ap

by any one else. The

be other a

appeals, louder calls,

quite that

that was his alone.

Later in the day she a

Arthur Stone, knowing

two men had recently se

thing of each other.

Coppo could have meant

the reconstructio

his career. But Stone did

not finish his

On THE eve of their last day at Grey's Inn!

Stone at mid-afternoon went out for a tra

come to be a habit with the

Stone words

determination, had a kind of

just have seen that and realize

out no longer, still she wen

and without hesitation. In

have gone the more real

she had been rubbed the

people!—and felt in a rat

Grey waylaid ho

lounging room a

who stood

Monsieur

He said

manage yo

must say yo

haven't you

ideas. He'll

couse you do

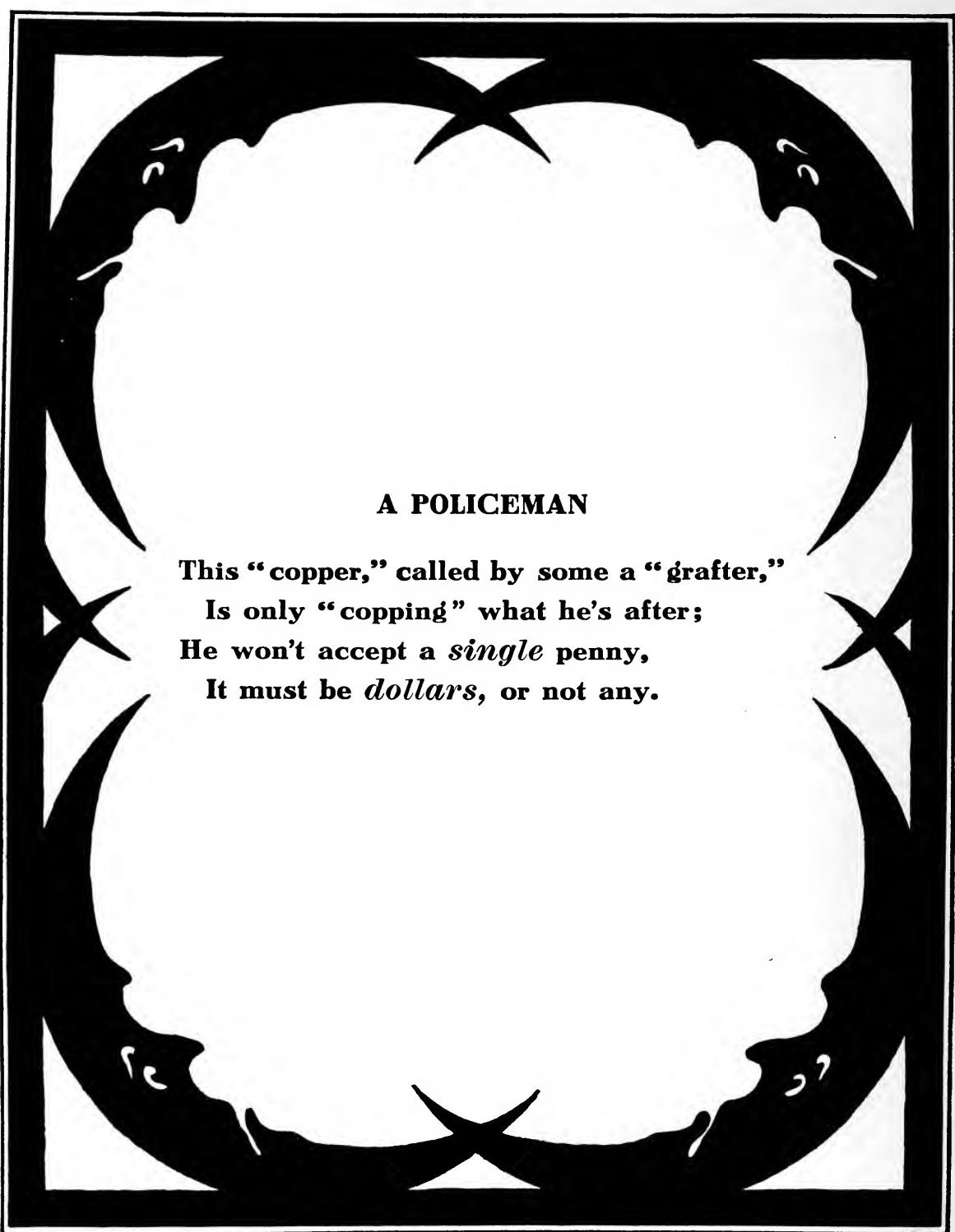
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He looked o

head of res

Arthur Stone, w

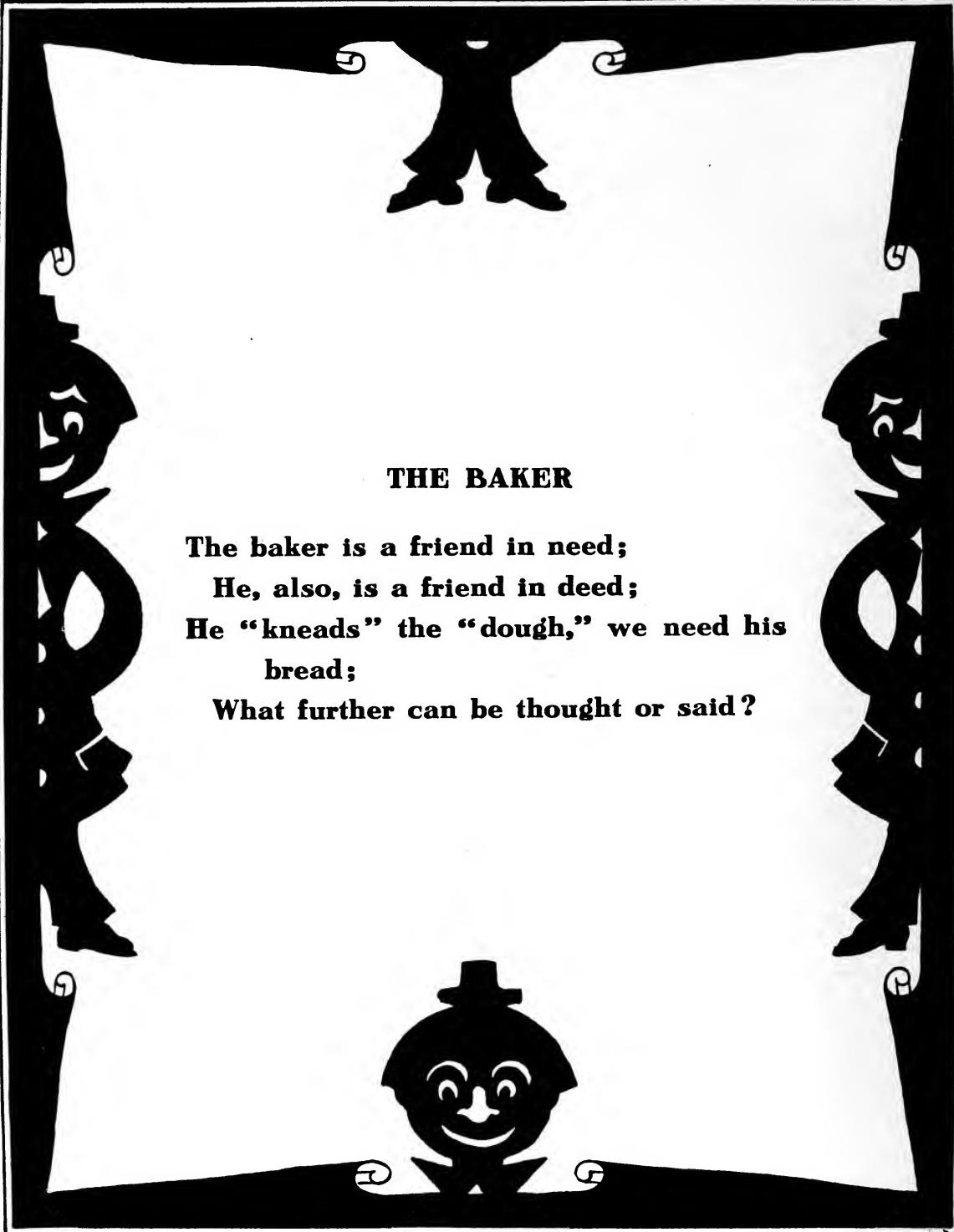
ignation. It wa



### A POLICEMAN

This "copper," called by some a "grafter,"  
Is only "copping" what he's after;  
He won't accept a *single* penny,  
It must be *dollars*, or not any.

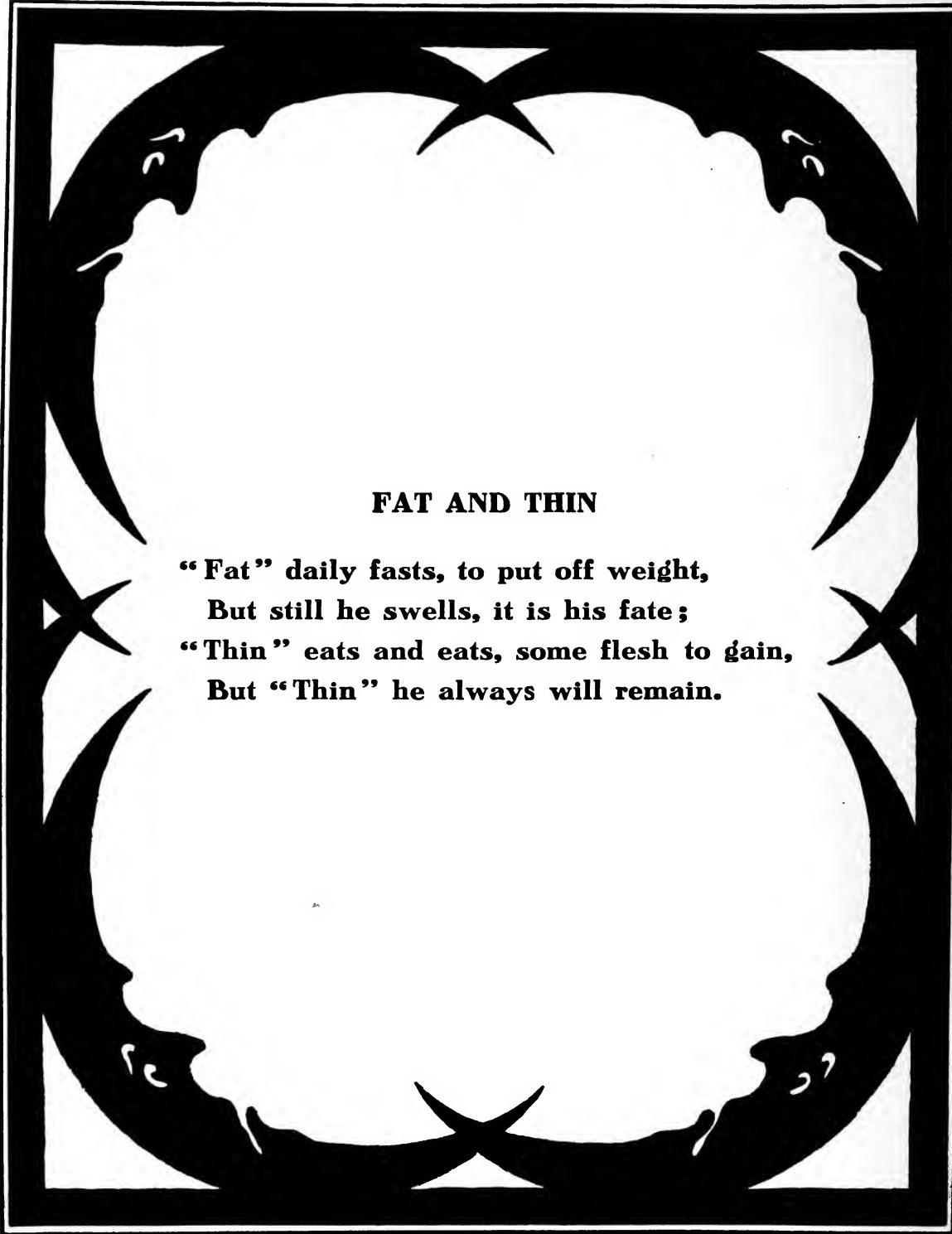




## THE BAKER

The baker is a friend in need;  
He, also, is a friend in deed;  
He "kneads" the "dough," we need his  
bread;  
What further can be thought or said?

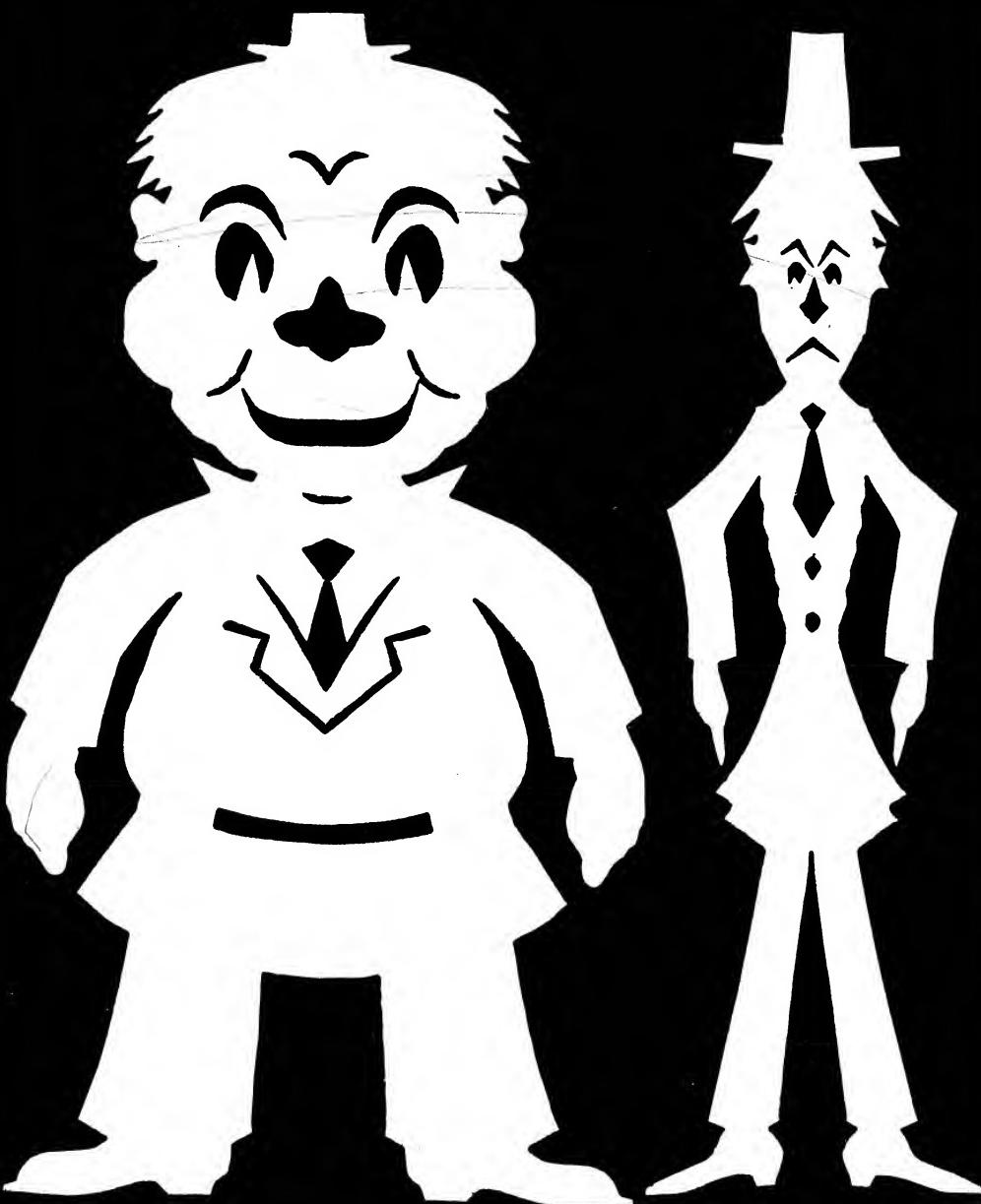




## FAT AND THIN

“Fat” daily fasts, to put off weight,  
But still he swells, it is his fate;

“Thin” eats and eats, some flesh to gain,  
But “Thin” he always will remain.



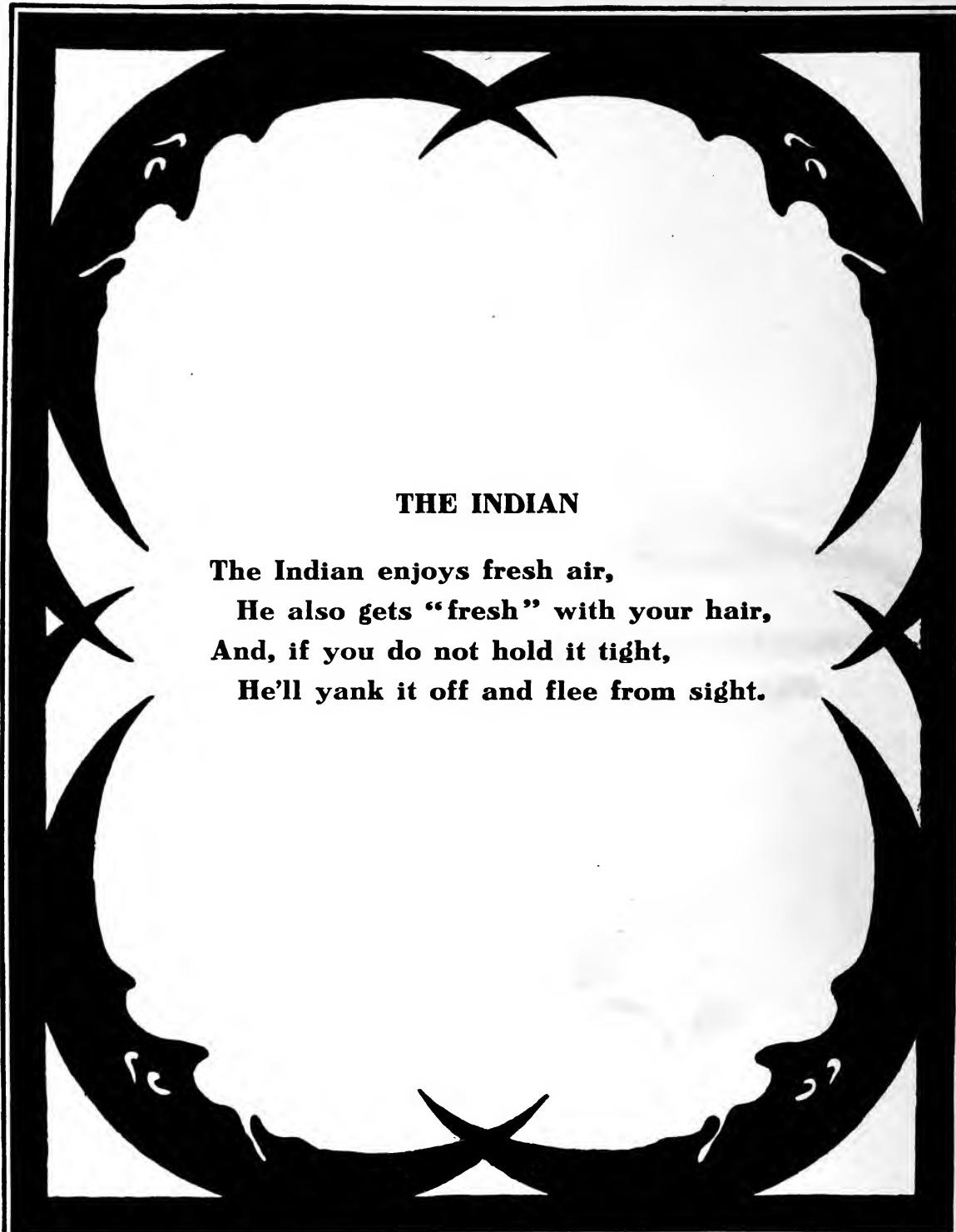


### MR. PRIM

This gentleman is very prim,  
All ladies are in love with him;  
He walks in state, where'er he goes,  
And follows, just behind his nose.

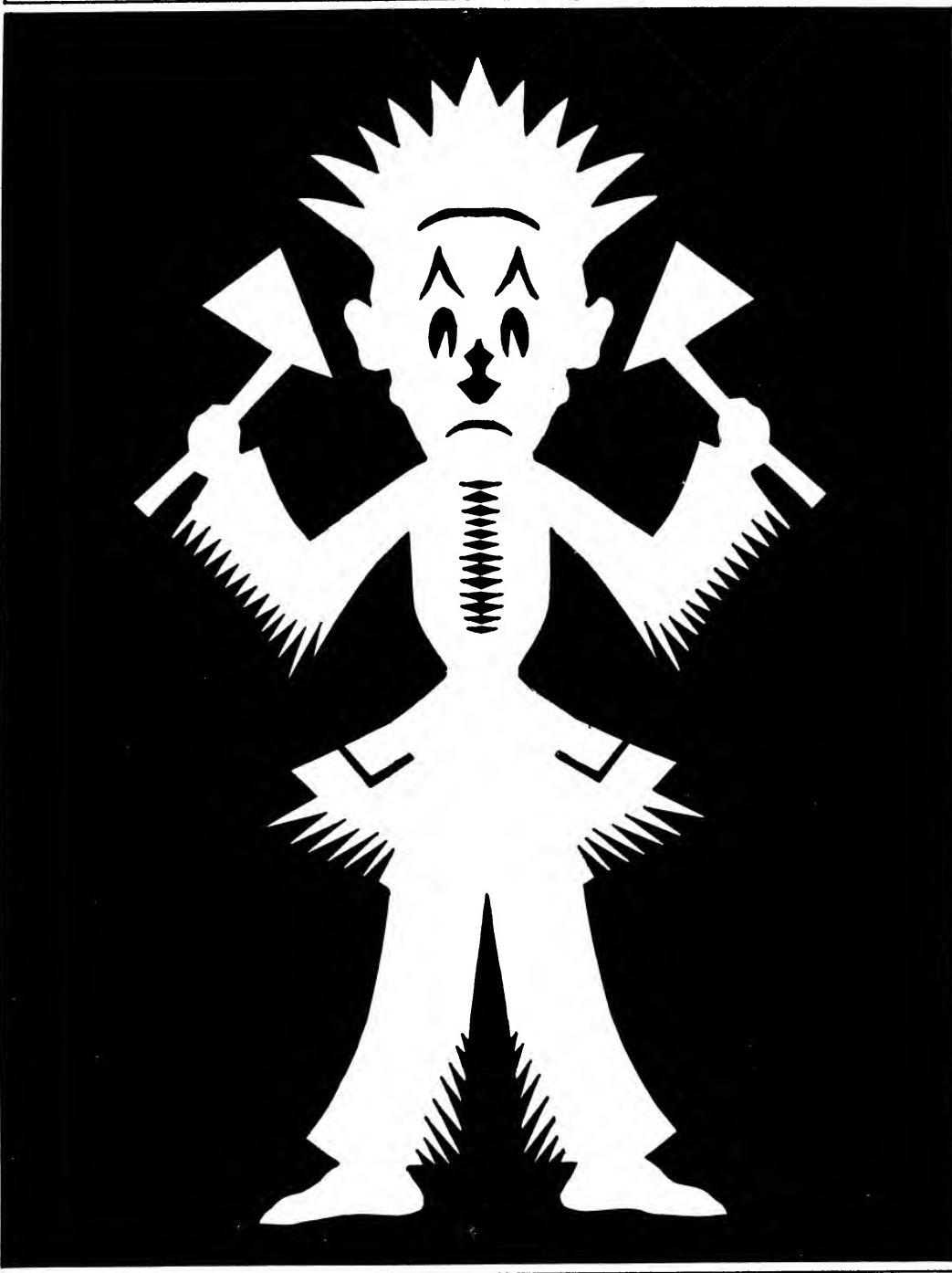


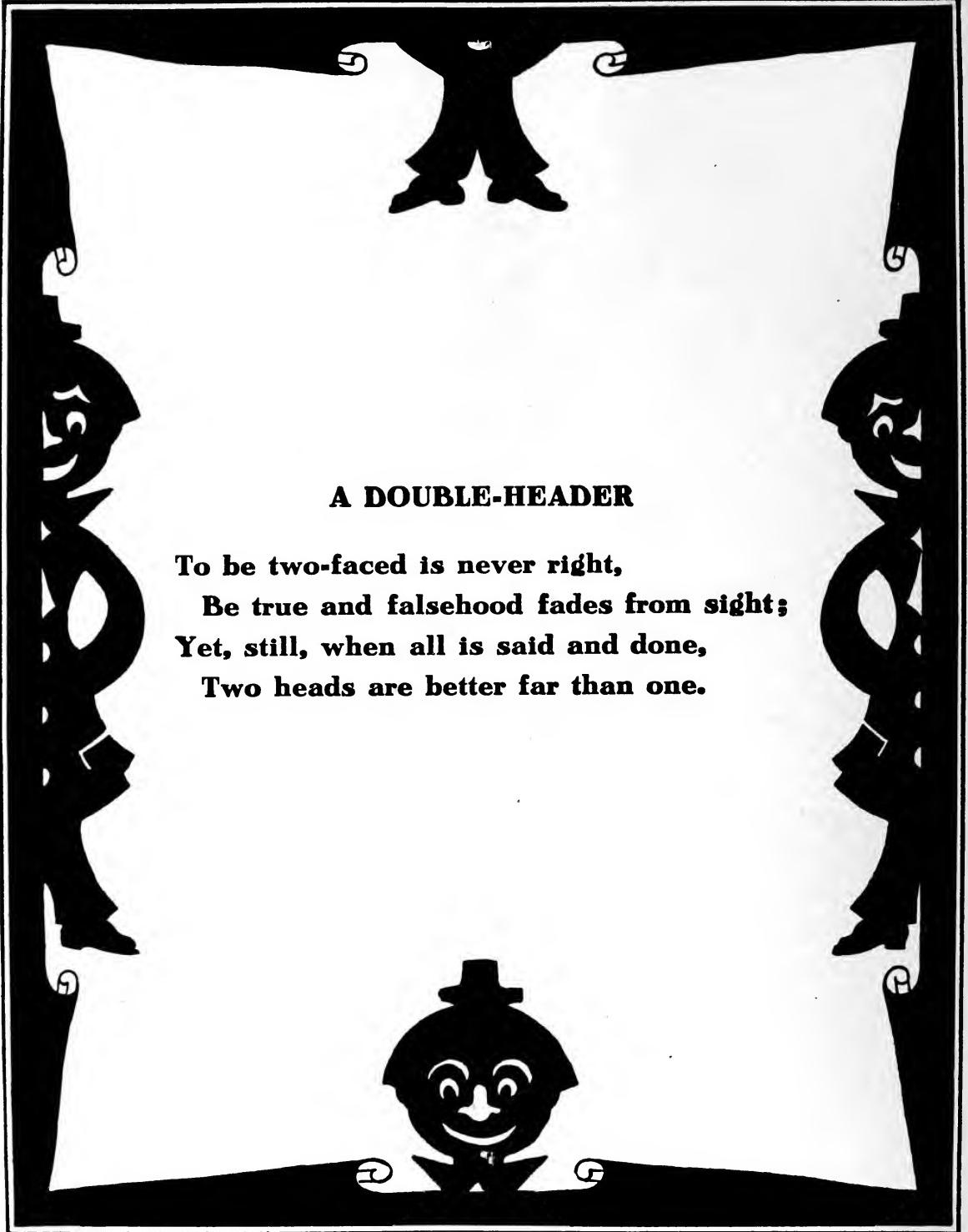




## **THE INDIAN**

**The Indian enjoys fresh air,  
He also gets "fresh" with your hair,  
And, if you do not hold it tight,  
He'll yank it off and flee from sight.**

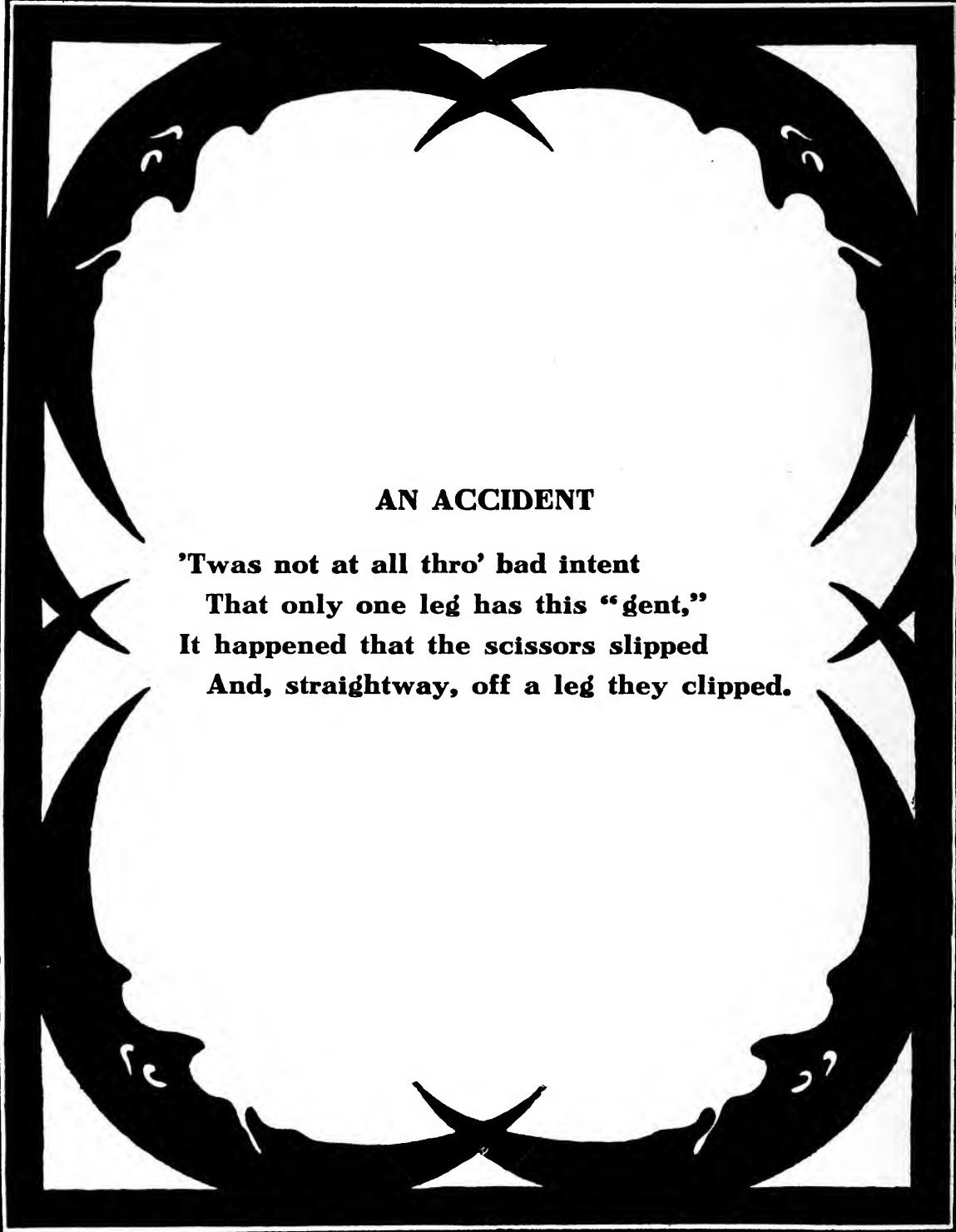




## A DOUBLE-HEADER

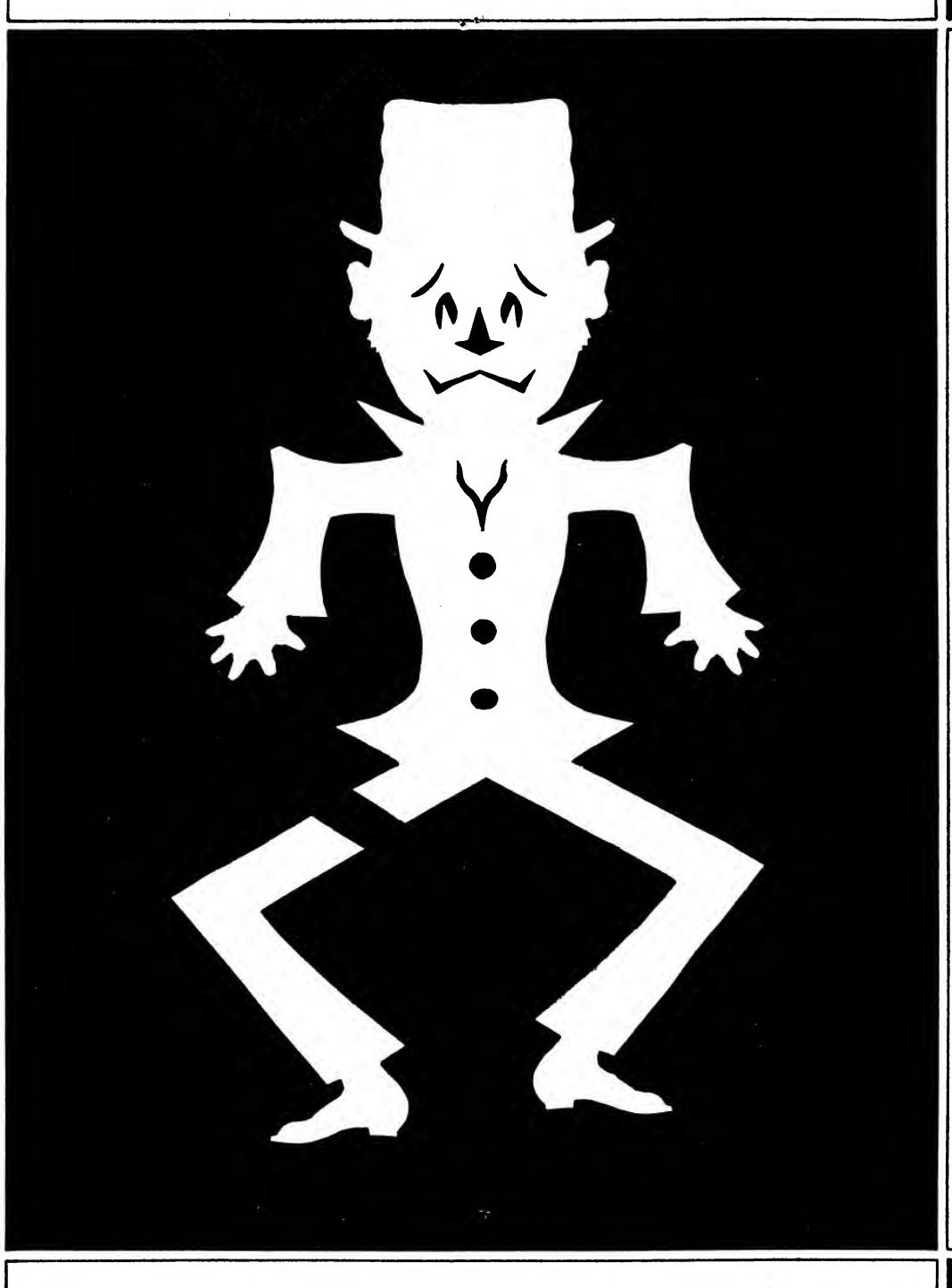
To be two-faced is never right,  
Be true and falsehood fades from sight;  
Yet, still, when all is said and done,  
Two heads are better far than one.

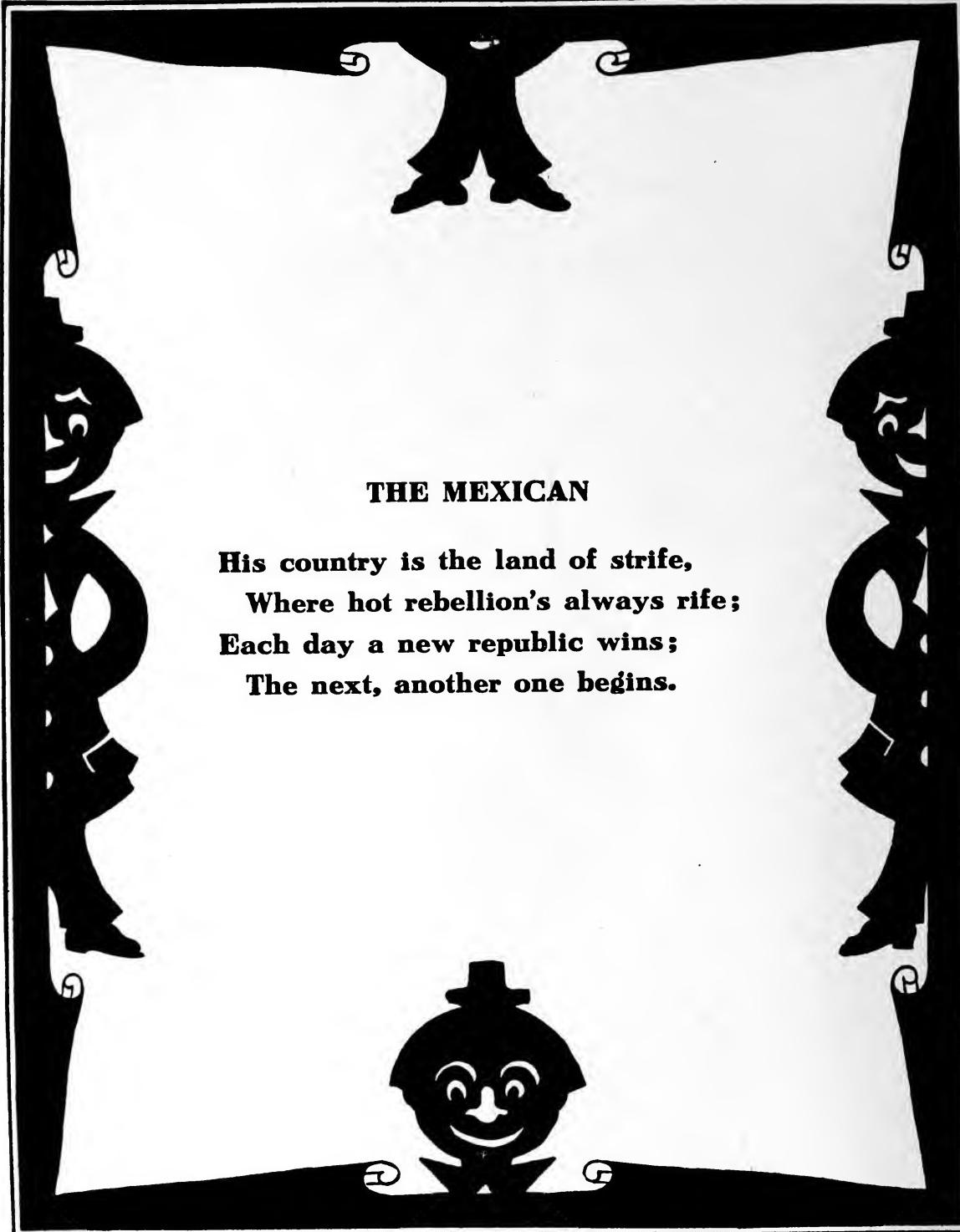




## **AN ACCIDENT**

**'Twas not at all thro' bad intent  
That only one leg has this "gent,"  
It happened that the scissors slipped  
And, straightway, off a leg they clipped.**

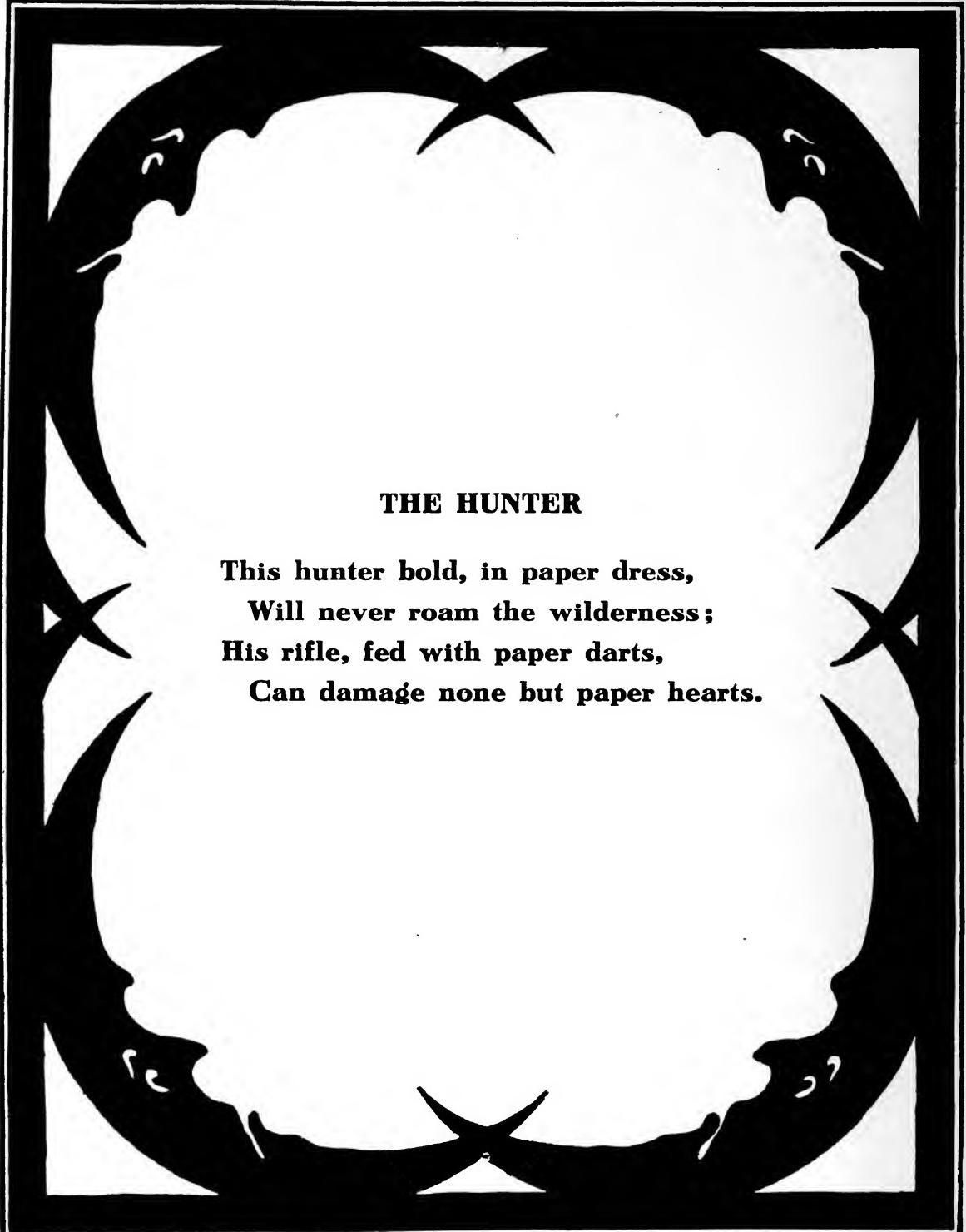




## **THE MEXICAN**

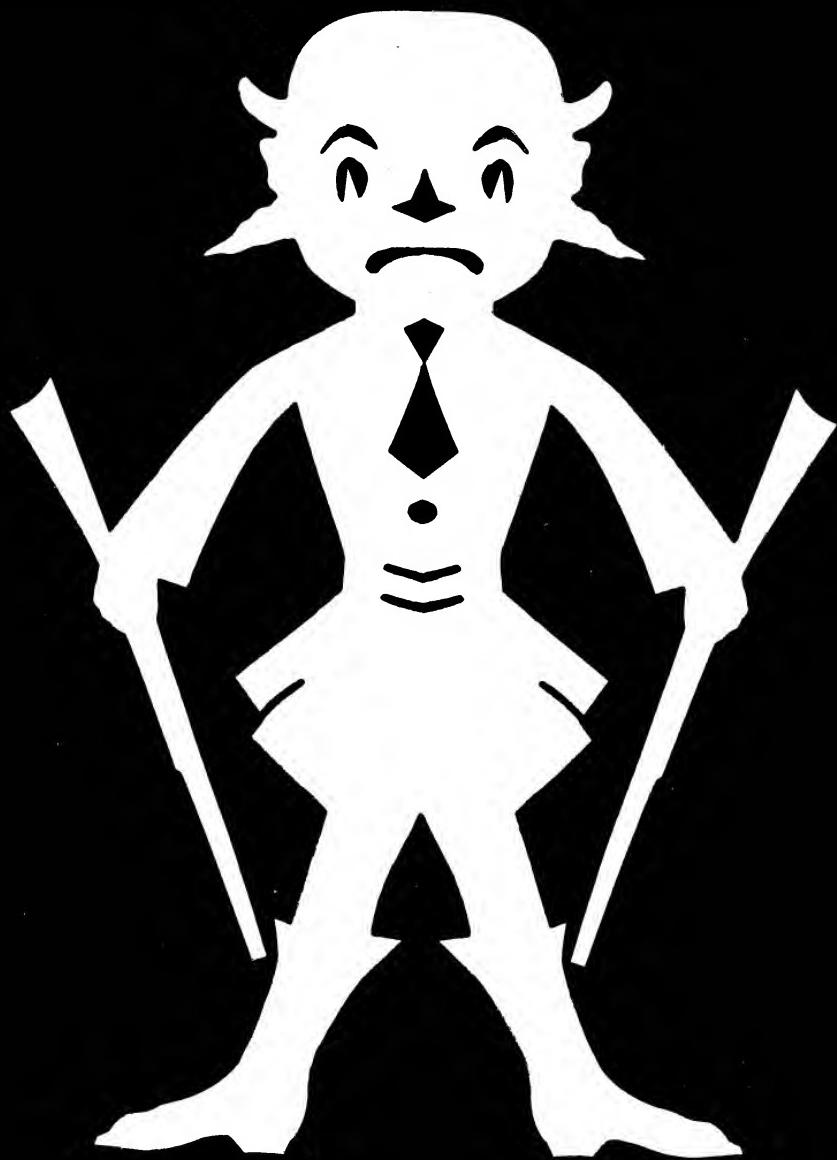
**His country is the land of strife,  
Where hot rebellion's always rife;  
Each day a new republic wins;  
The next, another one begins.**





## THE HUNTER

**This hunter bold, in paper dress,  
Will never roam the wilderness;  
His rifle, fed with paper darts,  
Can damage none but paper hearts.**

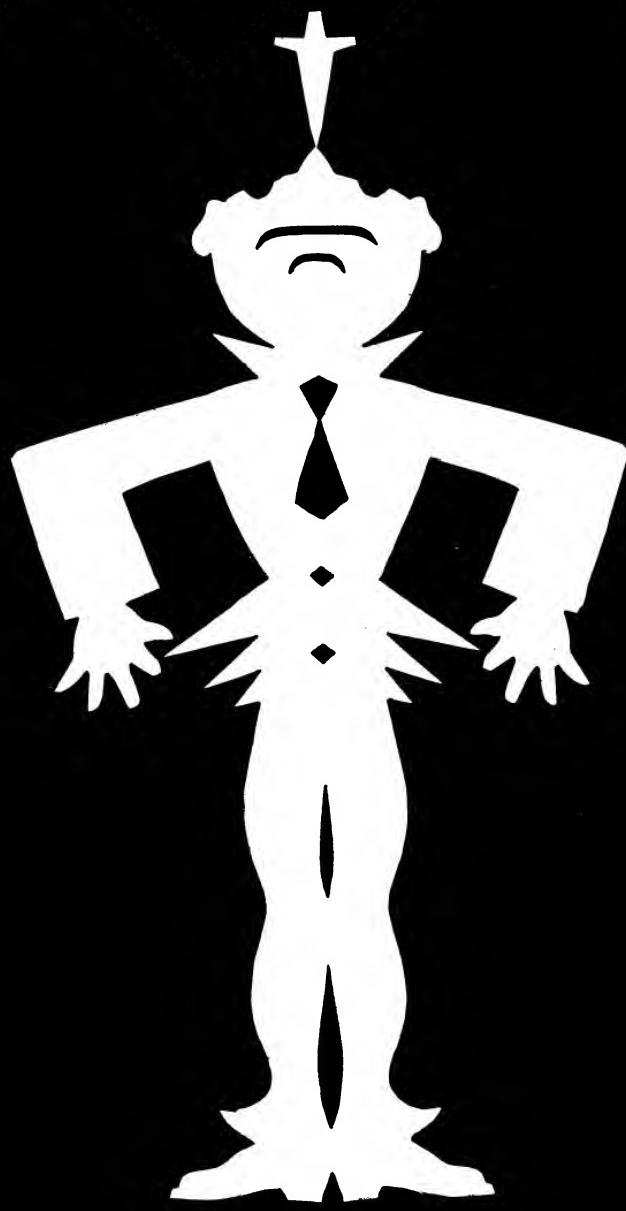


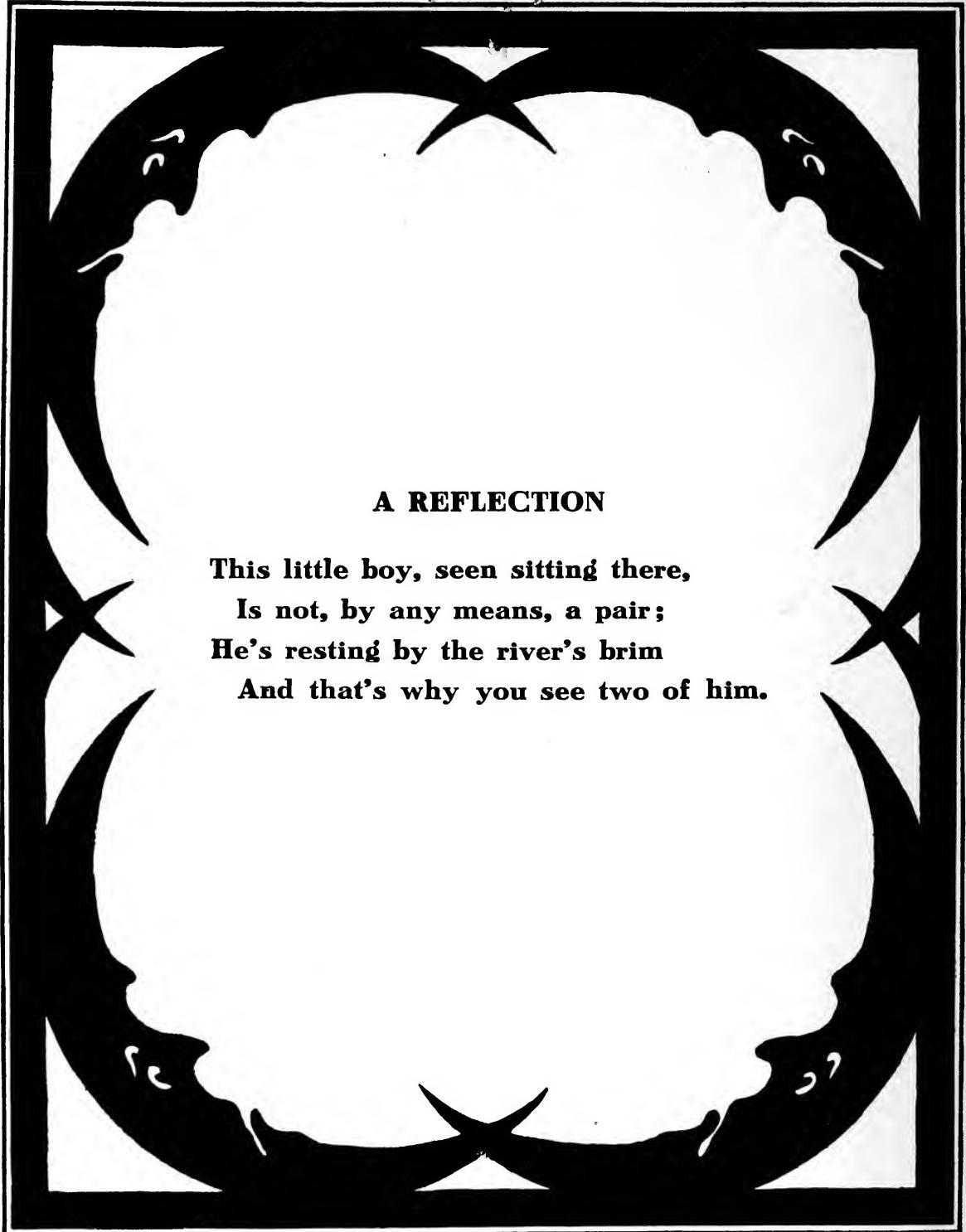


### A JUGGLER

This juggler, a clever chap,  
Can do strange things without mishap;  
And, as you look, your wonder grows,  
What keeps the knife upon his nose.

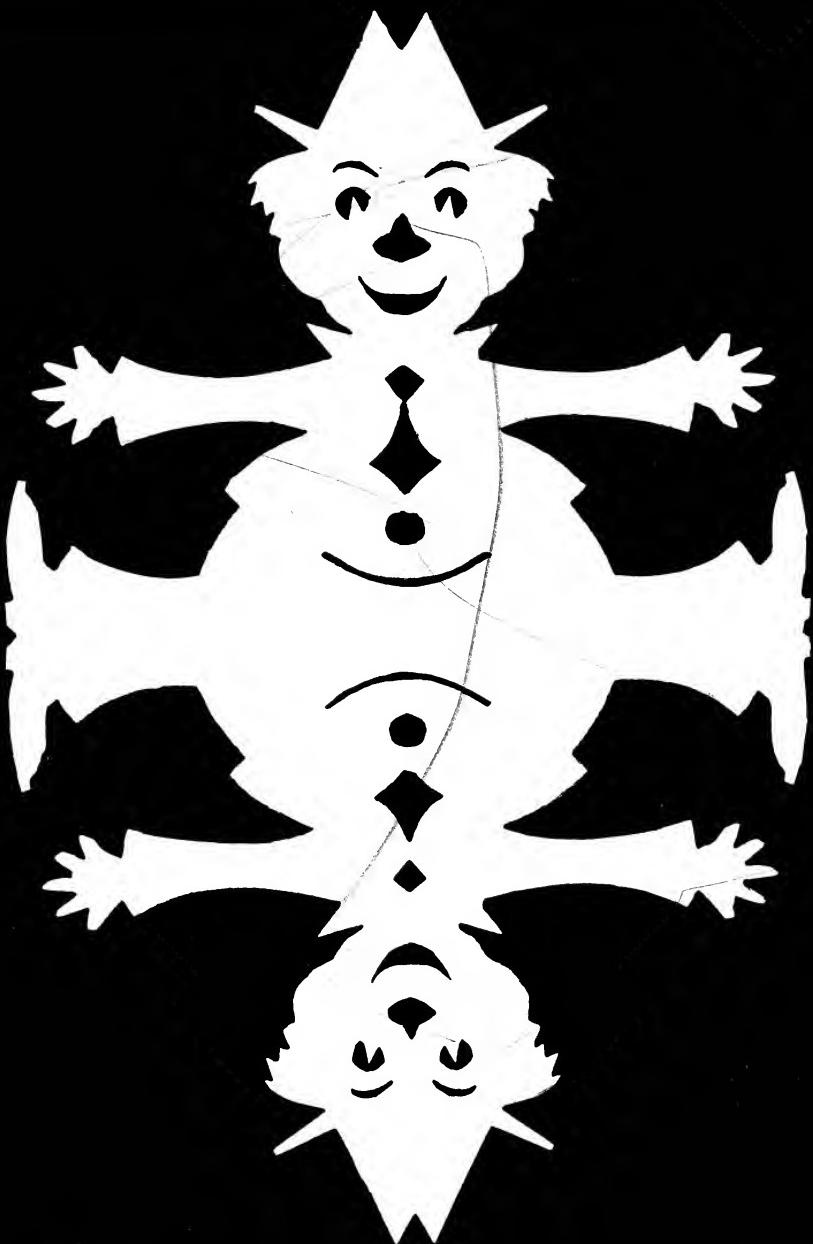


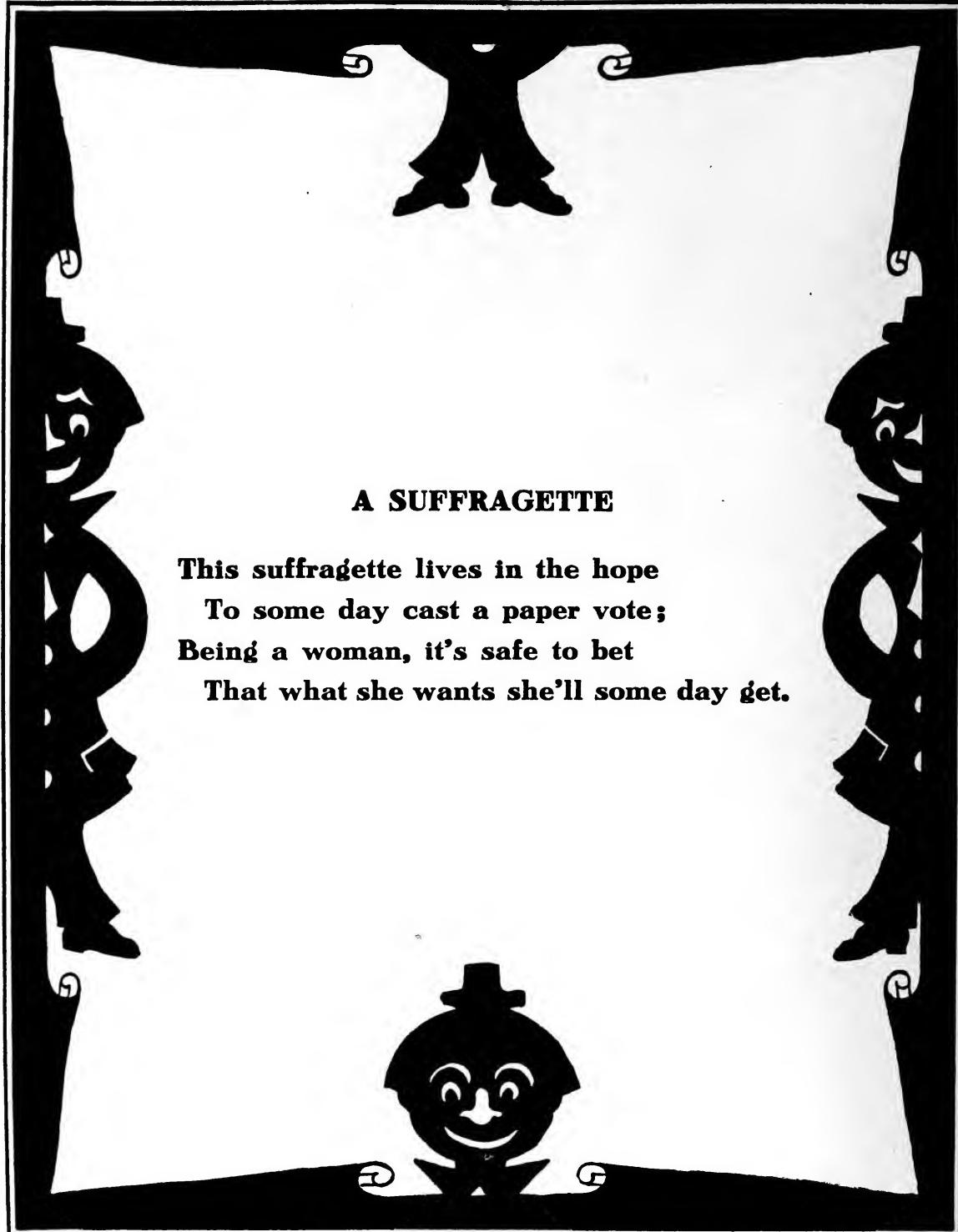




### **A REFLECTION**

**This little boy, seen sitting there,  
Is not, by any means, a pair;  
He's resting by the river's brim  
And that's why you see two of him.**

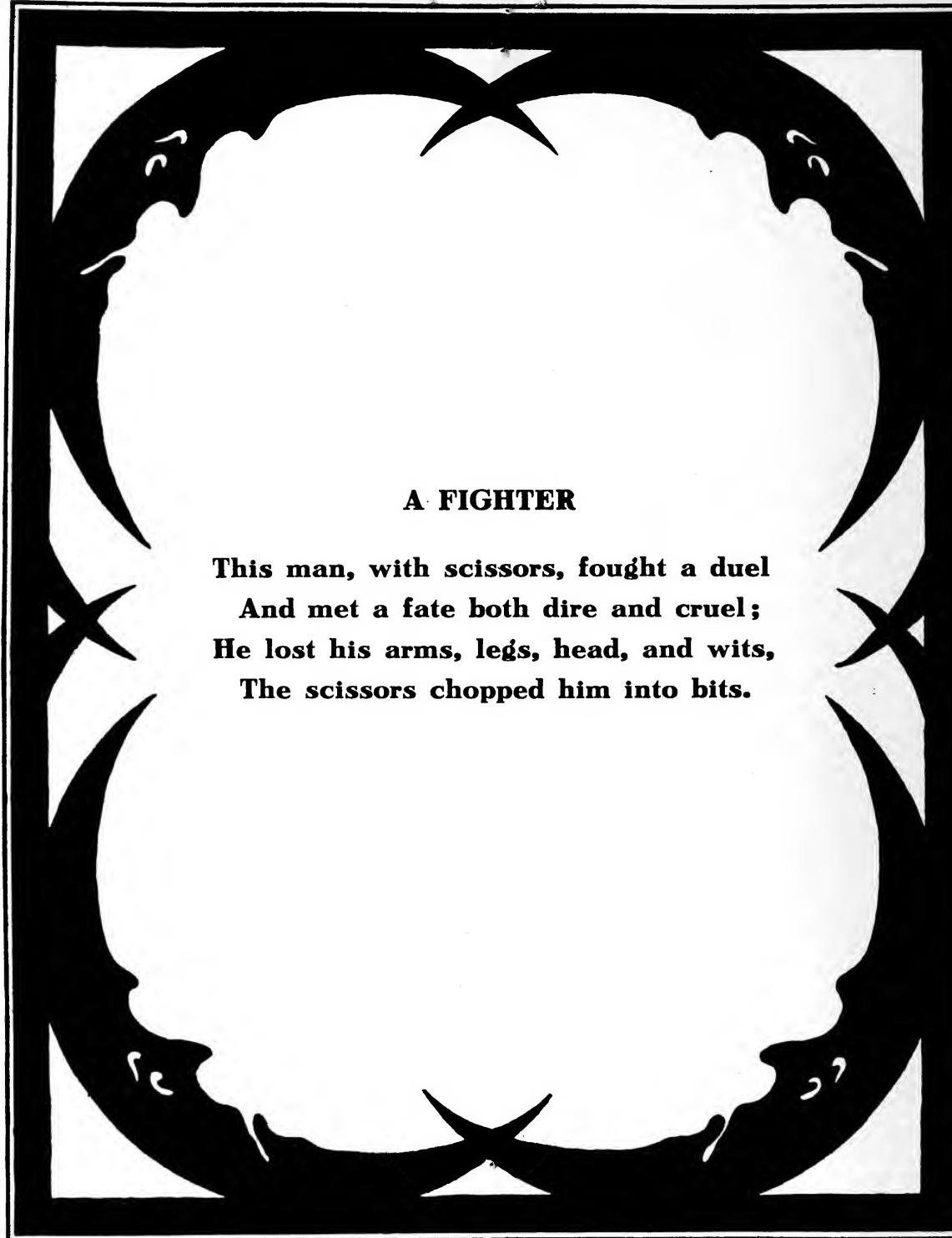




## A SUFFRAGETTE

This suffragette lives in the hope  
To some day cast a paper vote;  
Being a woman, it's safe to bet  
That what she wants she'll some day get.





### A FIGHTER

This man, with scissors, fought a duel  
And met a fate both dire and cruel;  
He lost his arms, legs, head, and wits,  
The scissors chopped him into bits.



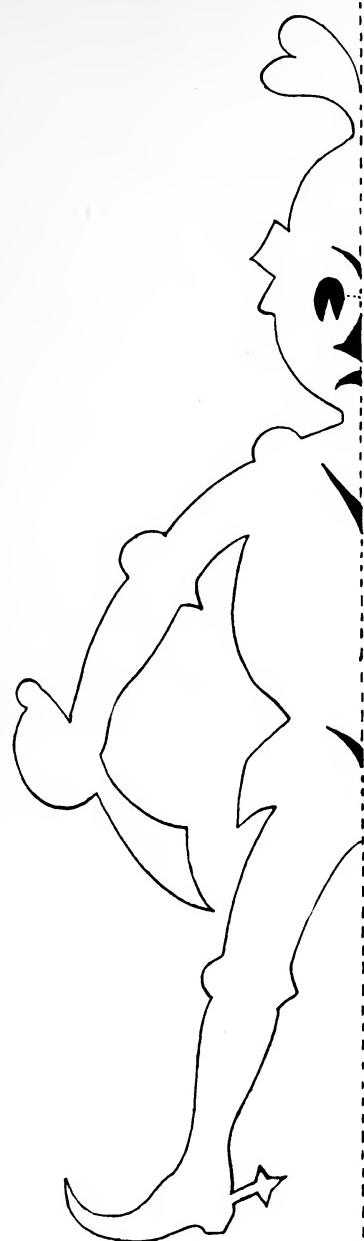


## **THE LAST CUT**

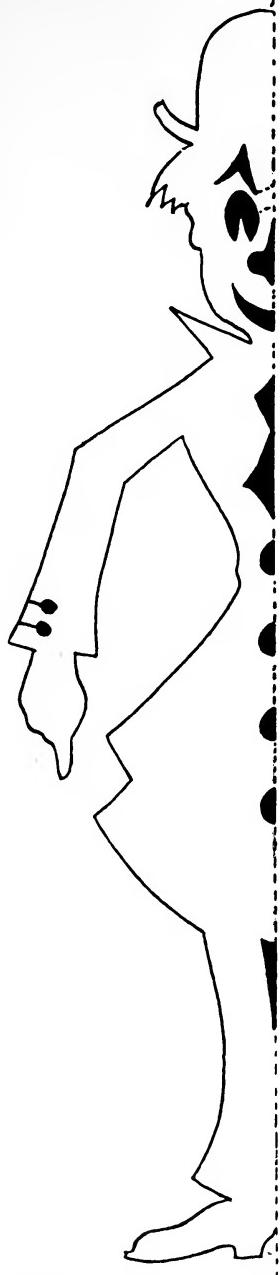
**Lots more good things I'd like to show,  
But even paper ends, you know,  
And, as this proves, beyond a doubt,  
My paper has, at last, run out.**





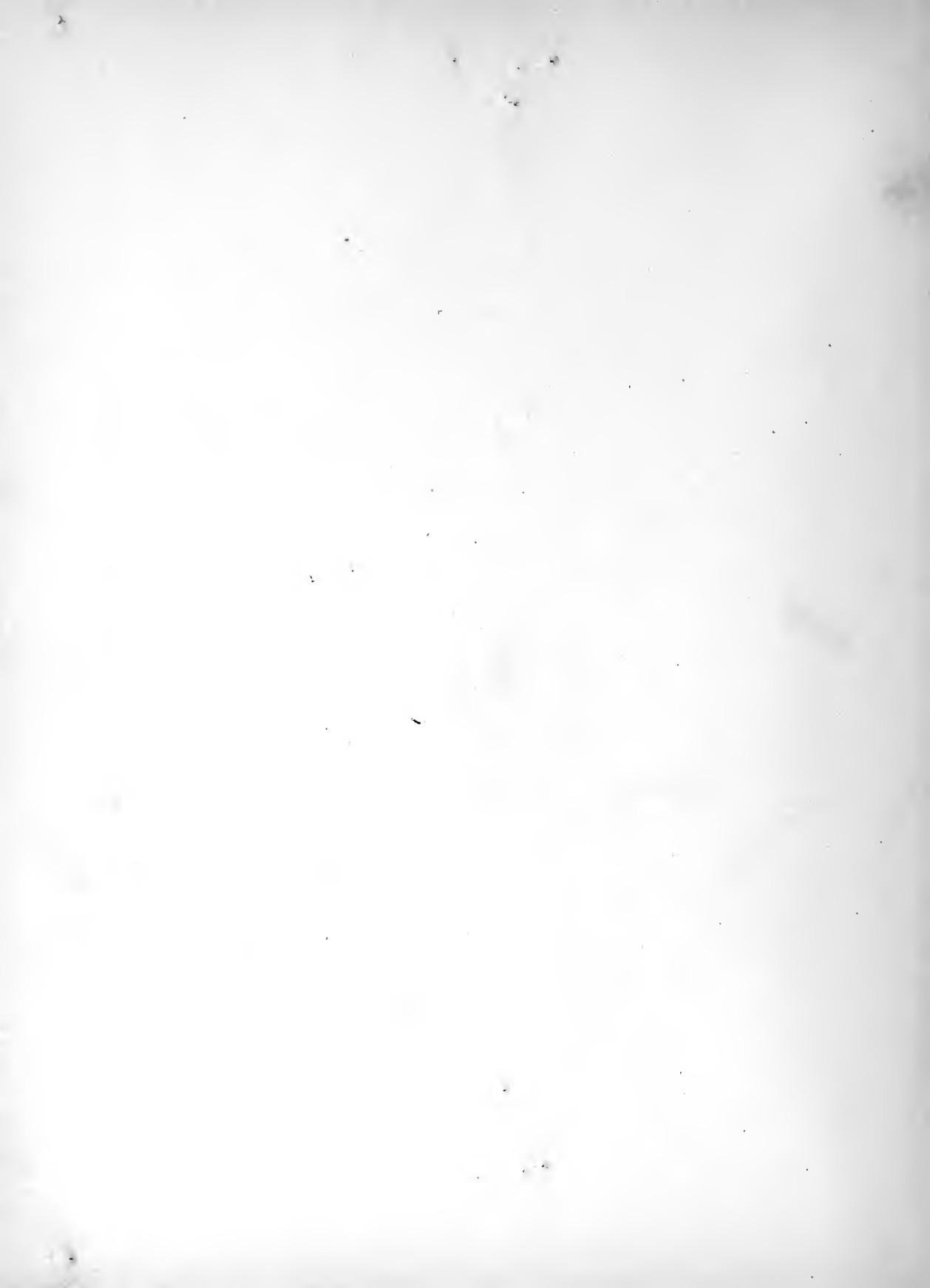




















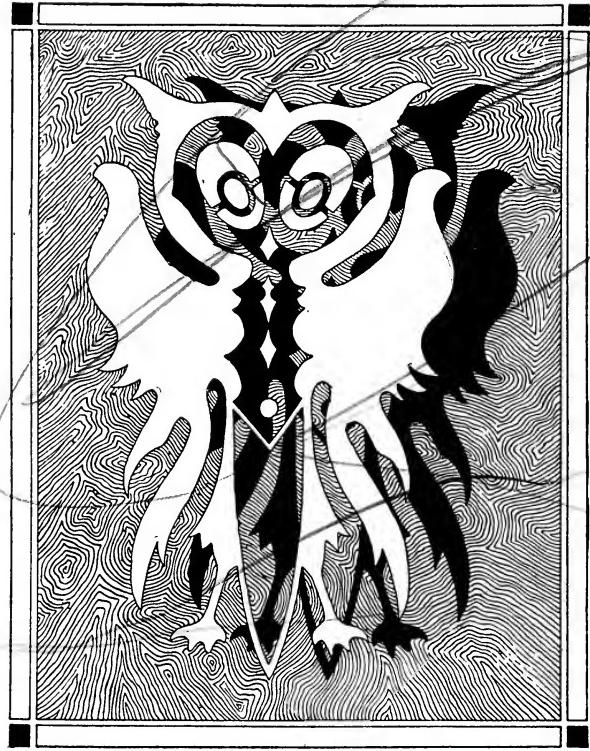




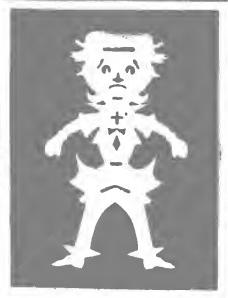
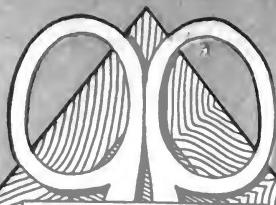


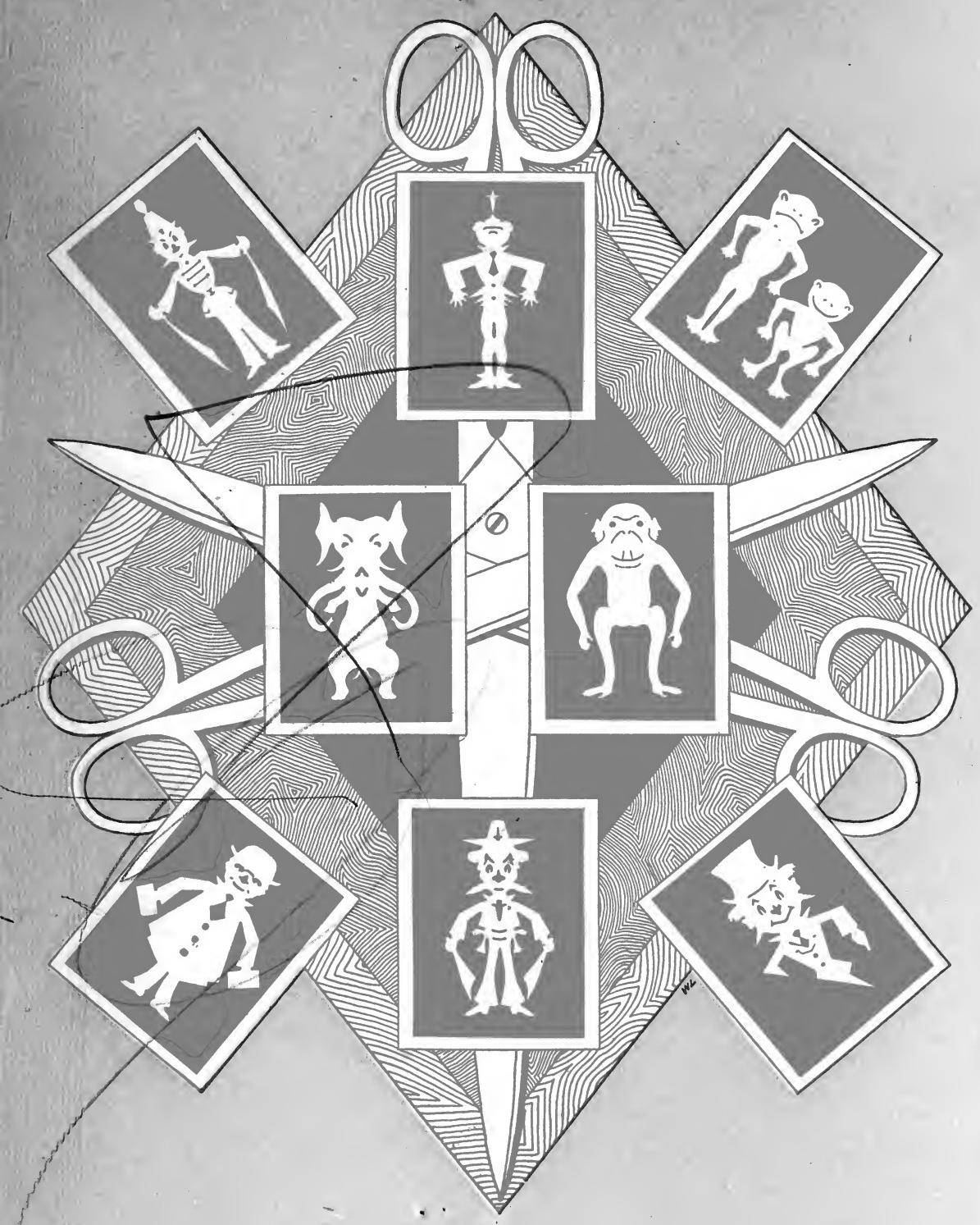












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